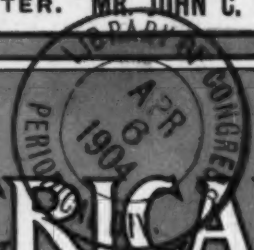


A TRIP TO PARADISE. FOURTH LETTER. MR. JOHN C. FREUND.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE



10 CENTS A MONTH

APRIL, 1904

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A MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE COLORED RACE.



MR. THEODORE DRURY,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

See page 279.

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In the Editor's Sanctum

Publishers' Announcements

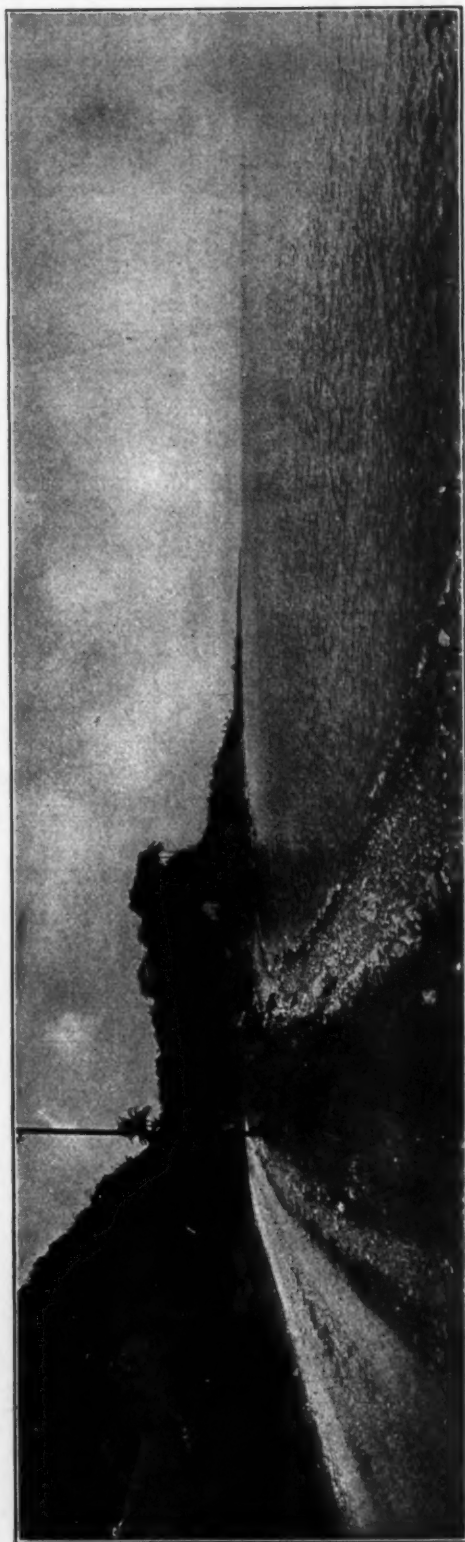
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ALONG THE SEASHORE, JAMAICA.



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THE ROAD OVER THE MOUNTAINS, JAMAICA.

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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

APRIL, 1904.

NO. 4.

✦ ————— A TRIP TO PARADISE. ————— ✦

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A NEW YORKER IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA

✦ ————— ✦
By JOHN C. FREUND.
✦ ————— ✦

FOURTH LETTER.

Constant Spring Hotel,
Kingston, Island of Jamaica,
April 17, 1903.

IF you want to see a country and the real life of the people, you must get away from the railroads and the hotels, where the conditions are stereotyped, and the people you meet are tourists and the itinerant venders, who want to sell them something.

We have just reached this beautifully-located and fine hotel, after a two days' ride in a carriage along the seashore and over the mountains, during which we have learned more about the real life of Jamaica than we could have done by any amount of railroad travel, or the reading up of guide books.

It was a glorious morning when we left Port Antonio, and bade farewell to those of our fellow travellers who had not yet gone off to other places. Some of them considered our scheme of such a long journey, by carriage, as rather reckless, and one lady expressed her surprise that I should expose my wife to such a serious task as a drive of sixty miles, most of which would have to be

over mountain roads. That, however, is not such a great undertaking as it would seem, for the roads all through Jamaica are excellent. So much, certainly, the government has taken good care of. In this respect, Jamaica differs radically from Cuba, Porto Rico, and the other islands where the Spaniards have had sway. In all directions, fine roads wind in and out, through the mountains and through the valleys, so that even on the longest trip, you do not have the terrible feeling of fatigue which comes from being jolted up and down all the time.

To my suggestion that Jamaica is "a



A NEGRO CABIN.

Paradise," one of our party offered the cynical criticism that that is impossible, because the great majority of the population is colored, and nobody ever heard of there being black angels.

This reminds me of an old story, which some of you, no doubt, have heard before, but it will bear repeating.

One day, in a cotton mill in the South, an old Negro was walking along with a little girl, much in the style of Eva and Uncle Tom, and discussing many things together.

"I'm sorry," said the little one, "that you can't go to heaven."

"I hope to," said the colored man.

"Ah!" said the little girl, "but who ever heard of a black angel?"

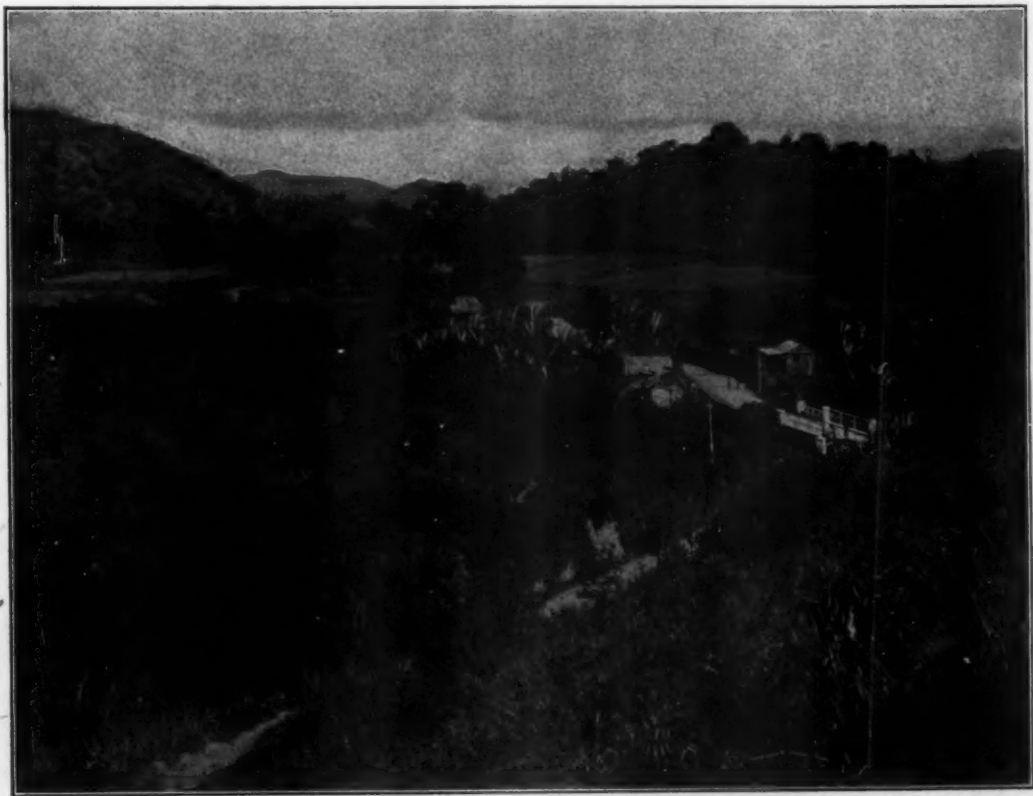
The old fellow scratched his head in

perplexity. Then, a sudden thought striking him, he took up some cotton seed.

"Look heah, little missy," said he, "heah am de black cotton seed. Dar ain't nothing no blacker, and yet, from dis heah black cotton seed, you get de buful, buful, snow-white cotton. Now, if de Lawd kin make de white cotton come out of dat black cotton seed, 'pears to me he kin make a white angel out of a pore ole black man."

Surely, if people would look less to the color of other people's skins, and more to the color and nature of their actions, we should have more justice and less prejudice in this world.

After we left Port Antonio, bathed in the glorious sunshine, our road led near



THE ROAD INTO THE MOUNTAINS, JAMAICA.



A PINEAPPLE PLANTATION.

Photograph by Duperly of Kingston.

the shore, so that we were constantly getting beautiful glimpses of the ocean, while the road itself was fringed on both sides with palm trees. I send you a picture, which will give you some idea of the coast line, as a traveller by road sees it.

Most of the land is under cultivation, and you pass plantation after plantation of bananas and cocoanuts. In some places, the cocoanut trees are surrounded, about twelve feet from the base, with a strip of tin about three feet high. This is to prevent the rats running up the trees and getting at the fruit, for it seems that the rat is as crazy for cocoanuts as a bear is for honey.

How pineapples grow, you can see from another picture I send you, though I was somewhat surprised not to find more land given over to the cultivation of this luxurious fruit. I believe, though, that the Bahama Islands are the great country for it.

One thing that struck us besides the absence of insects and birds, though I must not forget the hideous vultures, which swooped over you in wide circles, every now and then, is the small number of domestic animals that you see. You meet, of course, plenty of oxen that are used in place of horses as draught animals, and an interminable number of donkeys and some mules, but there are

not many dogs, and those that there are, are of the most mixed mongrel breed I ever saw in my life.

I have not, so far, seen a really large, handsome dog.

They all belong to the "Mut" order. You find the "yaller" dog so much affected by the Negroes, in all varieties of tints and tones. Nearly all have a half-starved appearance.

This is evidently not a dog country. As for the cats, they do not seem to fare even as well as the dogs. There are very few of them, and these have a most disreputable and lugubrious appearance.

Goats, however, you will find in plenty, browsing along the roadside and mountain slopes, though they are of a

smaller variety than that known in the States. Cows are scarce. Most of the milk that the people drink is goats' milk.

We saw some women in the cane fields, and I send you a picture of some of them at work, but the cultivation of cane is on the decline, as it is far more profitable to raise bananas, limes, oranges, cocoanuts and cocoa beans.

Here and there as you drive along, you pass the ruins of some old Spanish dwelling house, sugar factory and warehouse. These old Spanish houses are very differently constructed from the buildings of their English successors. They were built of solid stone, the walls of many being two and three feet thick. They were evidently intended to resist



WOMEN CLEANING CANE, JAMAICA.

attack as much as for use for dwelling and manufacturing purposes.

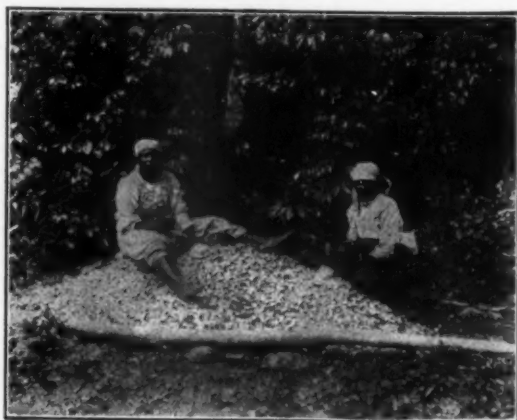
There is a great deal of life and traffic on the main road, and you constantly meet carts and wagons, bearing bananas and other produce, with their laughing convoy of teamsters and helpers. Besides these, there is an everlasting stream of women with bundles on their heads, as I have already written you, passing barefoot to and from the various town and villages. Travel stained and dusty as most of them are, they still have a neatness of appearance which struck me very forcibly.

Most of these women have to walk from ten to fifteen miles from where they live to the nearest town or village, where they dispose of their produce, and it is no uncommon thing for a woman to scratch together some yams and other vegetables, some bananas, and walk as far as twenty and twenty-five miles to market, sit there the greater part of the day, and, having disposed of her truck for fifty cents, or even less, start home again, after having made a few purchases in the local stores.

There may be Negroes who are lazy and shiftless, and the experience of many in the States who have employed colored labor may have been disastrous, but since I have seen the Jamaican Negro, and especially the Jamaican Negro woman, no man can ever persuade me that they are naturally lazy, shiftless and improvident. Here are tens of thousands of people at work in the fields, tilling the soil, some for planters, others for themselves, who lead the most industrious, exemplary and peaceful lives, with whom disorder is almost as unknown as is drunkenness, who walk more miles in a week than many of our own work people walk yards, who are

satisfied with very little, who have an imperturbable good humor.

Surely, to wave them aside as being forever unable to rise to anything like



WOMEN BREAKING STONE.

Photograph by Brennan of Kingston.

the civilization of the white man is not so much a libel upon the colored people as it is a libel on the human race.

I can give no better instance of how anxious these people are to earn a living



THE CHURCH AT BUFF BAY.

Photograph by John C. Freund.

honorably than by telling you that you will often come across women breaking stones on the roadside with their hus-

bands and brothers, whose earning capacity is so small that it is a miracle how they provide themselves with food enough to keep body and soul together. A picture of two such women on the roadside is among the batch I send you.

Our first stop was at a village called Buff Bay—a long street with some stores and a few residences, and a rather picturesque church, of which I took a snapshot while we waited for lunch to be prepared. Here we had our first unpleasant experience. It was with a family of white native Jamaicans, which had evidently seen better days, and rather resented the intrusion of what such people here call "paying guests." I made my lunch off potatoes, as I could not

stomach the meat, which all over the island, except in the best hotels, is of a very inferior quality.

The airs and graces of some of the whites are in strange contrast to the kindly courtesy and amiability of the colored people, especially in the inns and hotels, of which we had an illustration later in the day. This is the class of native Jamaicans who have inherited all the prejudices of their Protestant-English ancestors, and I trust that I may not be unjust if I add that they seem to have inherited none of their virtues. The old Puritan might be uncharitable in matters of belief and religion, but he was generous and kindly to all people in his personal dealings.



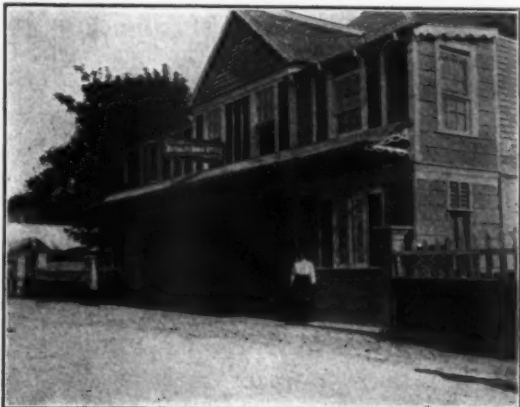
A NEGRO HOME UNDER THE SPREADING PALMS IN JAMAICA.

Here it was that our poor driver, Gaynor, suffered, for the amount of lunch given by our "hosts" was not enough to have fed a three-year-old infant. Here, too, I had a further opportunity of noting another excellent trait in the Negro character.

Before our driver would even take a drink of beer or anything for himself, he had taken the horses out, washed them down, cooled them off, brought them hay, and given them a generous feed of oats. It is characteristic of the colored people that they treat their animals with wonderful kindness. As they drive along they may crack their whips and shout and scream, but the whip rarely ever touches the horse, the mule or the donkey they are driving. The horses of our driver seem to reciprocate the kindly care taken of them, for several times, when we were near the edge of a precipice, as we wound in and out on the mountain road, a word from him put them right again, and saved them from swerving.

About three in the afternoon, we left Buff Bay, where the United Fruit Company has a depot for the collection of bananas and other fruits, and went on to Annotto Bay, which is one of the principal ports for the export of Jamaican produce. During our afternoon drive we came upon a large number of coolies who seem to be more numerous in this part of the country.

While the coolie is more light and active than the Negro, he does not appear to have his physical strength, which is no doubt due to the rice diet, which is almost the exclusive food of these people. Many of the coolies have dignified and noble faces, and, so far as physiognomy goes, would appear to be of a higher order of intelligence than is demanded by the menial tasks they are so willing to perform for so little.



THE METCALFE HOUSE, ANNOTTO BAY.

Photograph by John C. Freund.

Every now and then, as we travelled along the shore, we came upon little settlements of fishermen, whose nets are of the most primitive character. Many of them do not even have a boat, and pursue their vocation by wading into the water up to their waists, and throw out a net, which they proceed to haul about, though with what success we are not able to judge. Certainly, we saw none of them venturing out far, whether that, however, is beyond their capacity, or the coast is too dangerous for them, I cannot say.

We arrived early in the evening at Annotto Bay, somewhat hot and tired from our long drive, though, strange to say, we had been very little troubled with dust, so excellent are the roads, though there had not been rain there for a number of weeks. We had been recommended to stop at the Metcalfe House, a plain, little wooden building of some two stories, of which I send you a snapshot. Standing in front of the hotel is Miss Richmond, a charming young mulatto woman, who runs the house for the proprietor, who has a hotel in another town.

It was at this place that we had one

of the most agreeable experiences of our entire trip. Although Annotto Bay is not much more than a large shipping port for produce, and there are few white inhabitants, the accommodations of the hotel are of a superior character.

A room was quickly gotten ready for us. We found everything scrupulously clean. The sheets of the bed were white as snow, and there was not a speck of dust on anything. The furniture was of a plain but comfortable character. The bar contained a good stock of all the leading brands of wines and beers, especially those popular in England.

After our experience at Buff Bay, it was a relief to get an excellent steak, and I never thought a glass of champagne tasted so well as it did on this occasion. The colored girl who waited on us and the colored girl behind the bar were each made happy by a tip which enabled them to go to a picnic on the morrow, for, next to heaven, the young colored woman dreams of a picnic. That is her sum total of earthly bliss, as I think I have already told you.

At dinner, I met several mulattoes, one of whom, a Mr. Murray, is employed in the Custom House. He proved himself to be a man of considerable education, intelligence and conversational powers. We found out that he was the husband of the handsome woman who had entertained us at "Blue Hole," where we had our first taste of the milk of the green cocoanut.

One of the curiosities of the hotel is a billiard table with a dent in the middle of it, besides other cracks and creases, which must have been at least over half an inch deep. I asked one colored gentleman who was playing and making the most extraordinary shots, how he could manage to make a shot with any accuracy with such a hole in the middle of

the table, to which he pertinently replied:

"I always allow for it."

Now, there are billiard experts who can make the most extraordinary shots on a good table, but it was a novel experience to me to see a man make a shot and have to allow for a dent in the middle of the table, which must have twisted his ball almost an inch out of its course.

There were two little frame shanties on the opposite side of the road to the hotel, which aroused my interest. In one of them was a little store, in which sat an old colored lady, patiently waiting for customers that came not.

The other shanty announced, by means of a large sign, it was tenanted by Mr. Hyslop, who, according to the sign, is a "Scientific, Theoretic, Practical Plumber." We have plumbers in the United States who are "theoretic," and some of them, no doubt, are "scientific" enough to manage to take two days to do a job that ought to take only one, but I think the plumber of Annotto Bay, who combines practice with both science and theory, can give them all points.

Passing a brilliantly lighted building, we heard some singing. It proved to be a Methodist Church, in which a number of colored people were holding service. We stayed there long enough to note the interest in the services taken by those present. All was sincerity; nor did our presence cause a single person to turn his head, and, except for a courteous invitation on the part of one colored gentleman near the door, to be seated, no notice was taken of our presence.

After we left the church, we wandered through the darkening street till we came to a wharf and a long dock, which was packed with bananas, and was lighted up, in anticipation of the arrival of



WASHING CLOTHES IN THE RIVER.

Photograph by Brennan of Kingston.

one of the fruit company's steamers.

When we peered in, a colored man, who seemed to be in charge, kindly explained to us the whole method of procedure; how the bananas, on the arrival in carts and trucks, were separated into different compartments, according as they were fives; or sixes; or sevens; or eights—that is, according to the number of bunches on a stem.

When we got back to the hotel, there were but two or three colored people in the bar-room, quietly reading papers, and here, let me say, to my great surprise, I found on the reading tables copies of a number of our best American publications, notably the "Scientific

American," "The Literary Digest," and many of our magazines, together with some weekly papers from England, and some copies of the two daily papers published in Kingston.

As we were pretty well tired out, we retired early, and slept till the streaming rays of the morning sun and the crowing of an army of roosters and the quacking of many ducks awoke me. We had a splendid breakfast, and were sent on our way rejoicing, while Miss Richmond and the other colored women of the place presented my wife with a gorgeous bouquet of tropical flowers, which was a source of delight to her for many an hour after.

It was a glorious morning, bright and clear. The cool trade wind blew in our faces as we left these kindly colored people, turned our back on the sea, and began the ascent of the mountains, which we had to cross to reach Kingston.

A few miles out, we came upon the first large herd of cows that we had seen since our arrival in the island. They looked fat and well nourished.

About an hour after we started, a carriage dashed past. It contained one of the bridal couples which had come down from Boston on the steamer with us. The young fellow had his arm around the bride, not so much as a mark of affection, but because it was the best way

to keep her from falling out of the carriage, as the driver, who seemed to be a reckless character, was urging his horses along at breakneck speed. They were evidently bound, as we were, for Castleton Gardens, which are run by the Government.

The scenery became more grand and picturesque at every turn of the road as we got deeper and deeper into the mountains. We passed several rivers and small cascades and, although there was not much water, the effect was indescribably beautiful.

In one place, we came upon a number of colored women washing their clothes in the river. They did us the honor to



IN CASTLETON GARDENS, JAMAICA.

Photograph by Duperly of Kingston.



THE CASTLETON ROAD.

Photograph by John C. Freund.

give us a cheery "How d'ye do?" but one young gentleman, who was clothed in the "altogether," celebrated our arrival by a series of prolonged howls, which terminated by his running up to us, and waving his little black hands, with the everlasting cry: "Money, money, money!"



THE TRAVELLER'S PALM.

The gardens of Castleton are a dream of beauty, especially to those who love tropical plants and trees. I never saw such a splendid collection of palms in my life.

We were so fortunate as to secure the services of the superintendent, an old man, who told us that he had been there over thirty-four years. He took us around, and for two hours I listened to a most interesting lecture on botany, delivered with an unassuming simplicity which made it all the more attractive.

We were shown the tree which grows the cloves. The various kinds of coffee trees were explained to us. We were shown cinnamon trees, and how the bark that makes the spice is taken off, and the nutmeg tree. We tasted a green nutmeg, and, finally, we painted our insides yellow with the fruit of the gamboge tree, from which, as you know, the yellow paint of that name is made. This fruit resembles in appearance a large, yellow plum. The stone is very large. The meat, in flavor and appearance, is a cross between a banana and a peach, and is tart to the taste. How strong the coloring matter is may be gathered from the fact that I got two drops of the fruit on my shirt, and which I understand no amount of washing will take out.

Here, also, we saw all the innumerable varieties of palms, from the royal palm to the traveller's palm, the latter so-called, because it is the traveller's friend. All you have to do, when you come upon one of these tremendous plants, of which I send you a picture, is to stick your knife into one of the branches and you will get enough water, though of a somewhat peculiar flavor, to save you from dying of thirst, for this plant has the extraordinary capacity of storing water.

Each of the trees, palms and shrubs

in the gardens is labelled with a name—the ordinary name, as well as the botanical name. My wife began to spell out the name of one tree as the "Ma Hogan."

"Oh!" said she, turning away, "this must be an Irish tree. How does that get out here in the tropics?"

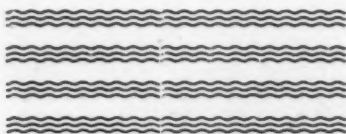
"No, my dear," said I; "you should have gone on reading a little further, and you would have discovered that, while there is a large Irish element in Jamaica, it has not yet succeeded in producing a distinctive tree. The tree is not the 'Ma Hogan,' but the 'Mahogany.'" I shall always tell that story when I want to make her mad.

At Castleton Gardens there is a modest little hotel, fitted up for tourists. Con-

nected with it are some cottages where you can stop all night if you so desire. We had a lunch of bacon and eggs, bananas and coffee, and then started off on the last stage of our journey to Kingston.

Our road was still upwards, higher and higher. The view in all directions was magnificent. Peak after peak of the mountains rose, sharp and clear, against the azure blue sky. Here and there you saw a waterpool or a river gleaming in the sun. All around, broad, gorgeous, tropical vegetation, with the palms waving in the breeze, and the road winding in and out of it all, so that there was such constant variety of beautiful views that the eye never lost its interest or became sated.

(To be continued)



LOVE.

* * *

Eastward, or westward, whither thou be
bound;

Dream not that thou shalt escape from
me—

At thy journey's end, there will I be
found

The ruler of life and destiny.

—James R. Tines.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

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CHAPTER III.

What To Do!

THE report brought by Toussaint was astounding to his hearers, even after the preparation afforded by the events of the evening. It was clear that the Negroes had everything in their own hands, and that the spirit roused in them was so fierce, so revengeful, as to leave no hope that they would use their power with moderation. The Breda estate, and every one near it, was to be ravaged when those on the north side of the plain were completely destroyed. The force assembled at Latour's already amounted to four thousand; and no assistance could be looked for from the towns at all adequate to meet such numbers, since the persons and property of the whites, hourly accumulating in the towns as the insurrection spread, required more than all the means of protection that the colony afforded. The two gentlemen agreed, as they sat at the table covered with supper, wine and glittering arms, that to remain was to risk their lives with no good object. It was clear that they must fly.

Toussaint suggested that a quantity of sugar from the Breda estate was now at Port Paix, lying ready for shipment. There was certainly one vessel, if not more, in that port, belonging to the United States. If the gentlemen would risk the ride to the coast with him, he thought he could put them on board, and they might take with them this

sugar, intended for France, but now wanted for their subsistence in their exile. Bayou saw at once that this was the best plan he could adopt. Papalier was unwilling to turn his back so soon and so completely on his property. Bayou was only attorney to the Breda estate, and had no one but himself to care for. Papalier was a proprietor, and he could not give up at once, and forever, the lands which his daughters should inherit after him. He could not instantly decide upon this. He would wait some hours at least. He thought he could contrive to get into some town, or into the Spanish territory, though he might be compelled to leave the plain. He slept for this night with his arms at hand, and under the watch of Placide, who might be trusted to keep awake and listen, as his father vouch for him. Bayou was gone presently, with such little money as he happened to have in the house; and in his pockets the gold ornaments which Toussaint's wife insisted on his accepting, and which were not to be despised in this day of his adversity. He was sorry to take her necklace and ear-rings, which were truly valuable; but she said that he had been a kind master for many years, and ought to command what they had, now that they were all in trouble together.

Before the next noon M. Bayou was on board the American vessel in the harbor of Port Paix, weary and sad, but safe, with his sugar, and pocketsful of cash and gold trinkets. Before evening, Toussaint, who rode like the wind, and

seemed incapable of fatigue, was cooling himself under a tamarind-tree in a nook of the Breda estate.

He was not there to rest himself, while the world seemed to be falling into chaos around him. He was there for the duty of the hour; to meet, by appointment, the leader of the insurgents, Jean Francais, whom, till now, he had always supposed to be his friend, as far as their intercourse went, though Jean had never been so dear to him as Henri. He had not sat long, listening for sounds of approach amidst the clatter of the neighboring palm-tree tops, whose stiff leaves struck one another as they waved in the wind, when Jean appeared from behind the mill.

"You have stopped our wheel," said Toussaint, pointing to the reeking water-wheel. "It will be cracked in the sun before you can set it going again."

"Yes, we have stopped all the mills," replied Jean. "Every stream in the colony has a holiday to-day, and may frolic as it likes. I am afraid I made you wait supper last night."

"You gave me poison, Jean. You have poisoned my trust in my friends. I watched for you as for a friend; and what were you doing the while? You were rebelling, ravaging, and murdering!"

"Go on!" said Jean. "Tell me how it appears to you, and then I will tell you how it appears to me."

"It appears to me, then, that if the whites are to blame toward those who are in their power; if they have been cruel to the Oges and their party; if they have oppressed their Negroes, as they too often have, our duty is clear—to bear and forbear, to do them good in return for their evil. To rise against them cunningly, to burn their plantations, and murder them—to do this is

to throw back the Gospel in the face of Him who gave it!"

"But you do not understand this rising. It is not for revenge."

"Why do I not understand it? Because you knew that I should disapprove it, and kept me at home by a false appointment, that I might be out of the way. Do you say all this is not for revenge? I look at the hell you have made of this colony between night and morning, and I say that if this be not from revenge, there must be something viler than revenge in the hearts of devils and of men."

"And now hear me," said Jean; "for I am wanted at Latour's, and my time is short. It was no false appointment last night. I was on my way to you, when I was stopped by some news which altered our plans in a moment, and made us rise sooner by three days than we expected. I was coming to tell you all, and engage you to be one of our chiefs. Have you heard that the 'Calypse' has put into port at the other end of the island?"

"No."

"Then you do not know the news she brought. She has a royalist master, who is in no hurry to tell his news to the revolutionary whites. The king and all his family tried to escape from France in June. They were overtaken on the road, and brought back prisoners to Paris."

Toussaint, who always uncovered his head at the name of the king, now bent it low in genuine grief.

"Is it not true," said Jean, "that our masters are traitors? Do they not insult and defy the king? Would there not have been one shout of joy through all Cap last night, if this news had been brought to the deputies after dinner with their wine?"

"It is true. But they would still have

been less guilty than those who add ravage and murder to rebellion."

"There was no stopping the people when the messengers from the 'Calypse' crossed the frontier, and sent the cry, 'Vive le Roi! et l'ancien regime,' through the Negro quarters of every estate they reached. The people were up on the Noe plantation at the word. Upon my honor, the glare of the fire was the first I knew about it. Then the spirit spread among our people like the flames among our masters' canes. I like murder no better than you, Toussaint; but when once slaves are up, with knife and fire-brand, those may keep revenge from kindling who can; I can not."

"At least you need not join; you can oppose yourself to it."

"I have not joined. I have saved three or four whites this day by giving them warning. I have hidden a family in the woods, and I will die before I will tell where they are. I did what I could to persuade Gallifet's people to let Odeluc and his soldiers turn back to Cap; and I believe they would but for Odeluc's obstinacy in coming among us. If he would have kept his distance, he might have been alive now. As it is—"

"And is he dead—the good Odeluc?"

"There he lies, and half a dozen of the soldiers with him. I am sorry, for he always thought well of us; but he thrust himself into the danger. One reason of my coming here now is, to say that this plantation and Arabie will be attacked to-night, and Bayou had better roost in a tree till morning."

"My master is safe."

"Safe? Where?"

"On the sea."

"You have saved him. Have you—I know your love of obedience is strong—have you pledged yourself to our masters to oppose the rising—to fight on their side?"

"I give no pledge but to my conscience. And I have no party where both are wrong. The whites are revengeful, and rebel against their king; and the blacks are revengeful, and rebel against their masters."

"Did you hear anything on the coast of the arrival of the 'Blonde' frigate from Jamaica?"

"Yes; there again is more treason. The whites at Cap have implored the English to take possession of the colony. First traitors to the king, they would now join the enemies of their country. Fear not, Jean, that I would defend the treason of such; but I would not murder them."

"What do you mean to do? This very night your estate will be attacked. Your family is almost the only one remaining on it. Have you thought what you will do?"

"I have; and your news only confirms my thought."

"You will not attempt to defend the plantation!"

"What would my single arm do? It would provoke revenge which might otherwise sleep."

"True. Let the estate be deserted, and the gates and doors left wide, and no mischief may be done. Will you join us then?"

"Join you! no! Not till your loyalty is free from stain. Not while you fight for your king with a cruelty from which your king would recoil."

"You will wait," said Jean, sarcastically, "till we have conquered the colony for the king. That done, you will avow your loyalty."

"Such is not my purpose, Jean," replied Toussaint, quietly. "You have called me your friend, but you understand me no more than if I were your enemy. I will help to conquer the colony for the king; but it shall be to re-

store to him its lands as the King of kings gave them to him; not ravaged and soaked in blood, but redeemed with care, to be made fair and fruitful, as held in trust for him. I shall join the Spaniards, and fight for my king with my king's allies."

Jean was silent, evidently struck with the thought. If he had been troubled with speculations as to what he should do with his undisciplined, half-savage forces, after the whites should have been driven to intrench themselves in the towns, it is possible that this idea of crossing the Spanish line, and putting himself and his people under the command of these allies, might be a welcome relief to his perplexity.

"And your family," said he; "will the Spaniards receive our women and children into their camp?"

"I shall not ask them. I have a refuge in view for my family."

"When will you go?"

"When you leave me. You will find the estate deserted this night, as you wish. The few Negroes who are here will doubtless go with me; and we shall have crossed the river before morning."

"You would not object," said Jean, "to be joined on the road by some of our Negro force—on my pledge, you understand, that they will not ravage the country."

"Some too good for your present command?" said Toussaint, smiling. "I will command them on one other condition—that they will treat well any white who may happen to be with me."

"I said nothing about your commanding them," said Jean. "If I send men I shall send officers. But whites! what whites? Did you not say Bayou was on the sea?"

"I did; but there may be other whites whom I choose to protect, as you say you are doing. If, instead of hiding

whites in the woods, I carry them across the frontier, what treatment may I expect for my party on the road?"

"I will go with you myself, and that is promising everything," said Jean, making a virtue of what was before a strong inclination. "Set out in two hours from this time. I will put the command of the plain into Biasson's hands, and make a camp near the Spanish lines. The posts in that direction are weak, and the whites panic-struck, if, indeed, they have not all fled to the fort. Well, well," he continued, "keep to your time, and I will join you at the cross of the four roads, three miles south of Fort Dauphin. All will be safe that far, at least."

"If not, we have some strong arms among us," replied Toussaint. "I believe my girls (or one of them, at least) would bear arms where my honor is at stake. So our king is a prisoner! and we are free! Such are the changes which Heaven sends!"

"Ay! how do you feel, now you are free?" said Jean. "Did you not put your horse to a gallop when you turned your back on your old master?"

"Not a word of that, Jean. Let us not think of ourselves. There is work to do for our king. He is our task-master now."

"You are in a hurry for another master," said Jean. "I am not tired of being my own master yet."

"I wish you would make your people masters of themselves, Jean. They are not fit for power. Heaven take it from us, by putting all power into the hand of the king!"

"We meet by starlight," said Jean. "I have the business of five thousand men to arrange first; so, more of the king another time."

He leaped the nearest fence and was gone. Toussaint rose and walked away, with a countenance so serious that Mar-

got asked if there was bad news of M. Bayou.

When the family understood that the Breda estate was to be attacked this night, there was no need to hasten their preparations for departure. In the midst of the hurry, Aimee consulted Isaac about an enterprise which had occurred to her on her father's behalf; and the result was, that they ventured up to the house, as far as M. Bayou's bookshelves, to bring away the volumes they had been accustomed to see their father read. This thought entered Aimee's mind when she saw him, busy as he was, carefully pocket the Epictetus he had been reading the night before. M. Papalier was reading while Therese was making packages of comforts for him. He observed the boy and girl, and when he found that the books they took were for their father, he muttered over the volume he held:

"Bayou was a fool to allow it. I always told him so. When our Negroes get to read like so many gentlemen, no wonder the world is turned upside down."

"Do your Negroes read, M. Papalier?" asked Isaac.

"No, indeed! not one of them."

"Where are they all, then?"

Aimee put in her word.

"Why do they not take care of you, as father did of M. Bayou?"

CHAPTER IV.

Whither Away?

M. Papalier did not much relish the idea of roosting in a tree for the night; especially as, on coming down in the morning, there would be no friend or helper near to care for or minister to him. Habitually and thoroughly as he despised the Negroes, he preferred travel-

ing in their company to hiding among the monkeys; and he therefore decided at once to do as Toussaint concluded he would—accompany him to the Spanish frontier.

The river Massacre, the boundary at the north between the French and Spanish portions of the island, was about thirty miles distant from Breda. These thirty miles must be traveled between sunset and sunrise. Three or four horses, and two mules which were left on the plantation, were sufficient for the conveyance of the women, boys and girls; and Placide ran, of his own accord, to M. Papalier's deserted stables, and brought thence a saddled horse for the gentleman, who was less able than the women to walk thirty miles in the course of a tropical summer's night.

"What will your Spanish friends think of our bringing so many women and children to their post?" said Papalier to Toussaint, as soon as they were on their way. "They will not think you worth having, with all the incumbrances you carry."

"I shall carry none," said Toussaint.

"What do you mean to do with your wife and children?"

"I shall put them in a safe place by the way. For your own sake, M. Papalier, I must ask you what you mean to do in the Spanish post, republican as you are. You know the Spaniards are allies of the King of France."

"They are allies of France, and will doubtless receive any honorable French gentleman," said Papalier, confidently, though Toussaint's question only echoed a doubt which he had already spoken to himself. "You are acting so like a friend to me here, Toussaint, that I can not suppose you will do me mischief there, by any idle tales about the past."

"I will not; but I hear that the Mar-

quis d'Hermona knows the politics of every gentleman in the colony. If there have been any tales abroad of speeches of yours against the king, or threats, or acts of rebellion, the Marquis d'Hermona knows them all."

"I have taken less part in politics than most of my neighbors; and Hermona knows that if he knows the rest. But what shall I do with Therese if your women stop short on the way? Could you make room for her with them?"

"Not with them, but——"

"My good fellow, this is no time for fancies. I am sorry to see you set your girls above their condition and their neighbors. There is no harm about poor Therese. Indeed, she is very well educated; I have had her well taught; and they might learn many things from her, if you really wish them to be superior. She is not a bit the worse for being a favorite of mine; and it will be their turn soon to be somebody's favorites, you know, and that before long, depend upon it," he continued, turning on his saddle to look for Genifrede and Aimee. "They are fine girls—very fine girls for their age."

When he turned again, Toussaint was no longer beside his horse. He was at the head of the march.

"What a sulky fellow he is!" muttered the planter, with a smile. "The airs of these people are curious enough. They take upon themselves to despise Therese; who has more beauty than all his tribe, and almost as much education as the learned Toussaint himself."

He called to the sulky fellow, however, and the sulky fellow came. What Papa-lie wanted to say was:

"You seem to know more of these Spaniards than I. What will become of Therese if I take her among them; which, you see, you oblige me to do?"

"I proposed to her," said Toussaint,

"to leave her with some of our people near Fort Dauphin."

"Fort Egalite, you mean. That is its present name, you know. So you asked her! Why did you not speak to me about it? It is *mon affaire*, not hers."

"I thought it her affair. She will not remain behind, however. She begged me to say nothing to you about her leaving you."

"Indeed! I will soon settle that." And the planter immediately overtook the horse on which sat Therese, with her infant on her arm. Therese smiled as she saw him coming; but the first few words he said to her covered her face with tears. Blinded by these tears, she guided her horse among the tough aloes which grew along the border of the bridle-path, and the animal stumbled, nearly jerking the infant from her arm. Her master let her get over the difficulty as she might, while he rode on in the midst of the green track.

Placide disdained to ride. He strode along, singing in a low voice, with a package on his shoulders, and his path marked by the fire-flies, which flew around his head or settled on his woolen cap. Isaac had made Aimee happy by getting on her mule. Genifrede heard, from the direction in which they were, sometimes smothered laughter, but for the most part a never-ending, low murmur of voices, as if they were telling one another interminable stories. Genifrede never could make out what Isaac and Aimee could be forever talking about. She wondered that they could talk now, when every monkey-voice from the wood, every click of a frog from the ponds, every buzz of insects from the citron-hedge, struck fear into her. She did not ask Placide to walk beside her horse, but she kept near that on which her mother rode, behind Denis, who held a cart-whip which he was forbidden

to crack—an accomplishment which he had learned from the driver of the plantation.

It soon became clear that Jean had made active use of the hours since he parted from Toussaint. He must have sent messengers in many directions; for, from beneath the shadow of every cacao grove; from under the branches of many a clump of bamboos; from the recess of a ravine here, from the mouth of a green road there; beside the brawling brook, or from their couch among the canes, appeared Negroes, singly or in groups, ready to join the traveling-party. Among all these there were no women and children. They had been safely bestowed somewhere; and these men now regarded themselves as soldiers, going to the camp of the allies, to serve against their old masters on behalf of the king. "Vive le Roi, et l'ancien regime!" was the word, as each detachment joined; a word most irritating to Papalier, who thought to himself many times during this night that he would have put all to hazard on his own estate rather than have undertaken this march, if he had known that he was to be one of a com-

pany of Negroes, gathering like the tempest in its progress, and uttering at every turning, as if in mockery of himself, "Vive le Roi, et l'ancien regime!" He grew very cross, while quite sensible of the necessity of appearing in a good mood to every one—except, indeed, poor Therese.

"We are free—this is freedom!" said Toussaint more than once, as he laid his hand on the bridle of his wife's horse, and seemed incapable of uttering any other words. He looked up at the towering trees, as if measuring with his eye the columnar palms, which appeared to those in their shade as if crowned with stars. He glanced into the forests with an eye which, to Margot, appeared as if it could pierce through darkness itself. He raised his face in the direction of the central mountain peaks, round which the white lightning was exploding from moment to moment; and Margot saw that tears were streaming on his face—the first tears she had known him shed for years. "We are free—this is freedom!" he repeated, as he took off his cap; "but, thank God! we have the king for our master now."

(To be continued)

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION—WILL IT SOLVE THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

ANSWERED EACH MONTH BY THE GREATEST THINKERS OF THE BLACK RACE

VI.

HON. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

If the Negro question is, as I apprehend it, the simple human question of material and moral progress, certainly it cannot be solved through industrial education, essential as that is for the

well-being of individuals and races. The highest skill, the most persistent industry, the broadest intelligence, under the present economical conditions, afford no adequate guaranty of success.

This truth is illustrated by the current social white problems everywhere baffling the efforts of philanthropy and the multifarious devices of government. The colored people of this country are not differentiated from the whites in the industrial field as far as conditions go. That the prevailing prejudice against color handicaps the Negro in certain avenues of employment is undeniable, but that is incidental and transitory.

The ominous and depressing social fact is that the earnings of labor are not secured to the earners. Look around and observe the vast fortunes, inconceivable in amount and more closely concentrated in a few hands than at any previous period in history. Were one to ask if industrial education accounted for such phenomenal acquisitions he would be greeted with derisive laughter. The genesis of them all was the power to appropriate the earnings of others. The secret of fortune building is not to labor yourself, but to take advantage of legal devices to make the workers yield to you the fruits of their toil.

Society and government, in republican not less than in monarchical countries, are in the control of vested interests intrenched in law. Hence industrial slavery is the universal fact. The masses struggle and suffer upon an earth prodigal of opportunity denied them, while the masters of that opportunity are also masters of wealth to an extent menacing morals and civilization. Blacks and whites alike are in the toils of the industrial system under which industrial ability is but the slave of privilege.

I am aware that the discussion which you invite is intended to confine itself chiefly to the specific question which agitates and divides the colored people of the United States. But no progress can be made by separating the Negro labor question from the general problem. Let

us suppose that industrial education is universally acquired by the colored people of the South; that they are able to perform the manual work demanded and, at the same time, are debarred from equal opportunity to employ themselves or from participation in making the laws under which they live. Into whose hands will the bulk of their earnings go? Certainly not into their own.

Why is it that the white South is laying such stress on the industrial, as distinguished from the intellectual, education of the Negro? Because an educated Negro intellect is dangerous to a community where race rule is decreed and caste ideas are as firmly rooted as in India. If industrial education led directly to independence of thought and character, is it to be supposed that the men who hold white supremacy to be the vital necessity of the South would so heartily encourage colored manual schools? Absurd! The master race desires an efficient subject labor system, educated hands, unthinking heads. A dream, of course, but when were tyrants other than dreamers?

The Negro question is not one of skilled labor. It is that of equal rights and opportunities. The robbery of the suffrage cannot be atoned for by any number of Negro manual labor schools. The education of the ballot exceeds them all in value. Of what avail is skill in labor when the laborer has no voice in making the laws under which he lives? What hope has industry when the key to its employment is held by the landlord? He is a bungling master of land who cannot figure to absorb in rent the year's product of his Negro tenant.

To my mind, no solution of the Negro question is possible that does not begin with an untrammelled ballot. No people ever were or ever will be fitted for self-government, which also implies self-

protection, while denied the right to vote, regardless of ignorance, mistakes or failures. I put enfranchisement before schooling because it is the strongest personal safeguard in a democracy. In education it is more important that the spirit of liberty should be instilled into the minds of men than that they should be industrially servile,—taught to produce for masters.

I emphasize the importance of the ballot and of the education of the mind without desiring to minimize the priceless value of manual training. But until just laws shall secure to the laborer free opportunity to labor and sure possession of his product, the Negro question is only remotely touched by industrial schooling.

It will be objected to my view that it inverts the natural order, putting first that which should come as a result and reward of faithful manual service.

To this I would reply, in the words of Charles James Fox, that "civil property can have no security without political power." Manual skill denied political power is necessarily enslaved. Mazzini enunciated the same truth clearly: "So long as a single one amongst your brothers has no vote to represent him in the development of national life, so long

is there one left to vegetate in ignorance where others are educated." And George Sand's testimony regarding the advancement of the French peasants, "the most enlightened of all Europe," is especially in point: "They have more than the mere sentiment of equality;—they have an idea of equality, and the determination to maintain it. This step upwards they owe to their having the franchise. Those who would fain treat them as creatures of a lower order dare not show this disposition to their face; it would not be pleasant."

To be content with the primitive forms of work is to give assurance that the present evil conditions shall have a longer lease. For nothing is more evident than that this cry against suffrage and the higher education for the Negro emanates from the recrudescence spirit of slavery which seeks again to hold in subjection in an industrial form the men and women ransomed by Lincoln's pen.

What is demanded should be instinctively refused. There always comes the prior demand of justice, without which learning is futile and labor a badge of oppression. The Negro should hold most precious the motto of Selden, which Wendell Phillips was so fond of quoting, "Before everything Liberty."



VI. CALL THE BLACK MAN TO CONFERENCE.



A. KIRKLAND SOGA.

Late of the Civil Service, Native Department, South Africa.

EDUCATION The opinions of Mr. Thomas Fortune on the franchise are to the writer the most satisfactory because they are the most comprehensive, keeping close to the statesmanlike views of the original Fathers of the American Constitution, if they are not an indorsement, in fact, of those views, and getting rid at one stroke of all those "restrictions" which are only another name for unjust discrimination and class legislation. That great democrat, Thomas Jefferson, and the Father of the American Constitution, embodied the guiding principles of good citizenship and sound government in the Declaration of Independence in these noble sentences:—

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments were instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Round this great principle of equal

rights the forces of good and evil have been surging for centuries, and now to-day the black man is in the vortex. Out of the conflict are the seeds of mighty things. As Mrs. Fyvie Mayo, the distinguished authoress, has well said: "While politicians contend and men are swerved this way and that by conflicting tides of interest and passion, the great cause of human liberty is in the hands of One of whom it is said:—

"He shall not fail nor be discouraged,
Till He have set judgment in the
Earth.'"

It is one thing to agree on main principles, but it is another thing to carry a principle into law in the teeth of a hostile popular sentiment, whose chief tools and creatures are entrenched in Congress and State House, or sit enthroned in the seats of the Mighty or the Halls of Justice. Where these are determined to interpose and interpret their own standards of right and wrong, and to say who are, and who are not, to be the recipients of their special favors, how does Mr. Fortune propose to establish such a principle? Thus far the law has laid down by a decision of the highest tribunal in the famous Dred Scott case that "the black man has no rights which a white man needs respect." That opinion still holds good at the present day. It is well to look facts squarely in the

face. Shorn of cant and false assumptions or sentiments which obscure the real issues, the truth of the expression so brutally emphasized by Judge Taney is implied by the whole conduct and attitude of the present day bench in the United States. The American Bench will not help forward the principle of a protected franchise, nor lift a little finger to remove the burdens now being reimposed on the Negro. The Republican Government, with all due respect to the fidelity of Messrs. Fortune, Washington, Council and others of its supporters, will not undertake to place it as a plank in their electoral platforms. Certainly the false democracy of Senator Cormack, for example, of Tennessee, which seeks to annihilate the 15th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which is already virtually repealed in almost every State in the South, will never do it on peaceful lines. On the contrary, it may be expected to use its influence to spread the infection of Negro disfranchisement to the North and West, wherever the black voter may be found. But this is not a fault of principle, but of public sentiment, and until public sentiment can be rightly influenced, all laws, statutes, and amendments will be put to shame.

But to return to Booker Washington's attitude of a restricted franchise, which is endorsed by, among others, Dr. Council, of Normal. Why should the franchise be restricted by an educational or property test? Presumably the property test is meant to exclude the great unwashed—the hobos, tramps, and weary Willies of the veld and flowery fields, who toil not. These people disfranchise themselves by their shift habits without any need for special restriction. They pay no taxes and settle down to no permanent occupation. There is no satis-

factory proof that a restricted franchise is an incentive to industry. The expression sounds well, but there is nothing substantial to support it. Professor Council is reported in "Leslie's Weekly," an excellent pictorial paper published in New York, to have said at the laying of the corner-stone of a Negro industrial school at Corona, Ala.:

"The Negro must win his way to civilization as other races have won theirs, by toil and privations, and by constant pushing on in spite of every obstacle." And referring to the struggle for political rights:—"The refusal of the right to vote cannot keep me from being a man. There are greater things than voting. I have the right to hold a deed for land, to have a bank account, build up a good character and a good name, and stand as high as any man for right and truth in the community."

Professor William Council is described as a well-known Negro educator, writer, and reform leader, who is also President of the Agricultural and Mechanical Hall at Normal, Ala. A man of fine presence, and of distinguished attainments, he studied law and practiced in the Supreme Court of Alabama in 1883. With that versatility which is a feature of American character, he founded the College at Normal, and has devoted his life to the education of the race. "The settlement of the race problem (says a writer in 'Leslie's Weekly') rests with such wise and level-headed colored men as Booker T. Washington and W. T. Council." Some people hold that an ignorant voter is a danger to the State. Why should the ignorant but honest toiler, who settles down to a respectable life and pays his taxes, be held to be a greater danger than the conscienceless but educated blackguard, white or black, who prostitutes his vote

for selfish and ignoble purposes? The ignorant native voter in the Cape Colony has voted more consistently for the greatest good to the greatest number, and has invariably, with few exceptions, assisted to place the best men in Parliament that the country could produce. It is the educated but conscienceless voter who is the greatest menace to the free institutions of a country. To the mind of the writer Education and Freedom are two distinct factors, related perhaps, but not interchangeable, and which should not be confounded in discussing the question of the franchise. Both of them, like all human relations and natural laws, rest upon the broad basis of Morality, which is the corner stone of good government. The ballot is a guarantee of protection, and in that sense is the Palladium of the People's liberties. Its denial or withdrawal from any class may be regarded as opening the door to oppression, crime, and virtual slavery. Its effect is to render the Man dispossessed of the right a political outlaw. To remove the barriers which regulate the conduct of citizens is to open the flood-gates of anarchy and mob law. To say that the Negro must win his way by toil and privation under those conditions is simply to caricature a sacred principle. Toil and privation are the heritage of most men, by the sweat of their brow. It is, doubtless, sound advice to the struggling toiler, the ambitious aspirant, or the indolent or disappointed brother, but as a panacea for the ills which are begotten of bad government, industry or education avail nothing. In fact, it is only a question of time whether honest industry or education also may not be rendered impossible, and the refusal of the right to vote may effectually prevent the upward tendency of the mass, and obliterate the nobler aspirations and

ideals which go to make a man a man. This is the extreme view, of course, but we are dealing with extremes as they present themselves in the treatment of the disfranchised Negroes of the South. Individuals may, of course, escape these tendencies, but individuals are not the race. There are, of course, despotic forms of government where barbarous or semi-civilized people are ruled by the sovereign, as in Russia. These can only maintain their stability so long as they possess sufficient force behind their systems to hold their own. During times of commotion, extended powers are granted to supreme military commanders under martial law, which is no law but the rule of force. Or perhaps there is a mild despotism, similar to that of Lord Milner at the close of the Anglo-Boer War. But these forms of government are regarded by civilized people as temporary expedients brought about by extraordinary conditions which they are meant to bridge over, but which must give way to popular government when normal conditions are once restored, and the country has regained its equilibrium. The trend of human nature is toward freedom, as a natural law, and seeks those systems whereby the greatest amount of personal liberty, consistent with the protection of life, property, and good government can be secured, personal liberty being a moral law superior to all others. It is reasonable therefore, to think that Mr. Chamberlain's surrender of a principle in the Transvaal, hitherto recognized by the constitution of the oldest Colony—the Cape of Good Hope,—will be to reproduce, in course of time, similar conditions to those existing in the Southern States, which have prompted these rather extended references to the franchise.

(To be continued)

EL SR. DON JOSE RIZAL.

PROF. S. E. F. C. HAMEDOE, A PROFESSOR F. G. S. I.

BEFORE I begin the story of Rizal, I must say a word about the Philippines, now the greatest of America's colonial possessions, and its former Masters. They were discovered by Magellen in 1521, and the same year a revolution broke out, in which Magellen and his compatriots were massacred. The Spaniards followed with five expeditions, with the same misfortunes, in forty years, and in 1564 the sixth expedition left Mexico under the command of Lopez de Legazpi, and landed on the island of Cebu on the 27th of April, 1565. Legazpi was an indefatigable worker, and remained until 1571, when he brought the island under control, and laid out Manila. But he did not long enjoy tranquility before the Chinese pirate, Li-ma-tou, had besieged Manila with two thousand Chinese, but he was beaten off until 1603, when the Chinese hatched a plot to kill all the Europeans. A Tagal woman, wife of a Chinaman, gave away the plot, and the Spaniards killed more than 20,000 of them, and in 1636 another massacre occurred, in which the rivers ran blood, so great was the carnage. In 1609 the Japanese and Dutch besieged them without much result. The Augustine Friars came in 1565, the Fathers of Christ in 1763. The king ordered the priests of all sects to use and teach the Castilian language.

Many hard revolutions followed, and many clashes between Church and State, those of 1812-20-23-37-43-48-72-80-87-91-4 being very desperate ones. The one in 1837 was very bravely fought. It

was directed by Father Apolarino de la Cruz, who styled himself king of the Tagals. He had one son, born of a Tagal woman, whom he styled the First Philippine Emperor. His reign lasted four years, when he was captured and shot along with two thousand of his followers. The others were of similar duration, and accompanied with many privations and hardships. Those of 80-7-91-4 were under Captains Genl, Correo, Weyler, Blanco, and were mainly confined to the islands of Mindano and Jalo. In those of 94-6 the principals were Rizal and Aguinaldo, Generals Luna, and others, and I deem it meet that I now say a few words about our hero, El Sr. Don Jose Rizal.

He was a pure Tagalog, born in the town of Colomba, and studied in the municipal schools of Manila. He was always a bright and shrewd lad, and at the age of thirteen composed a drama in verse, entitled "Junto al Pasig." This work so distinguished and so proclaimed him before the public that the most elite of Spain's litterateurs declared that he was a born poet, and should be given every opportunity to cultivate the tastes essential to be Poet Laureate of the Philippines. A short time afterwards at seventeen he composed an ode to the Philippine youth, and was awarded the first prize in the Concours Litteraire of Spain and the Philippines, open to all inhabitants of Spain and her colonies. Soon afterwards he advanced so fast that he could not accept the dogmatic doctrines of the Jesuit Fathers and Priests, and soon grew impatient to see and learn

more about the modern and civilized world, its moral, social and scientific advancement. In order to do that he left for Spain, where he soon took the degree of M. D. and M. B. Afterwards he toured the continent, studying their social and economic conditions, visiting Paris, Brussels, London, Berlin, Heidelberg, and many other places, where he found it advantageous to study and practice medicine and apply his philosophical researches and sciences. He was an apt pupil, and soon learned ten continental tongues, and could read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, Japanese and Chinese, and there in Berlin in 1886, he wrote the famous book, "Noli Me Tangere," which so enraged the Colonial governors and the Spanish government. Here is a sample of some of its parts, made plausible to the world, and entitled, "To My Country."

"The history of human suffering reveals to us the existence of a cancer of which the least contact irritates it, and awakens the most acute pains. Always in the midst of modern civilization I have been able to recall and to retain in my memory and compare other countries with thy clear image, which is gnawed by a hideous social cancer. Ever desiring your health, which is our happiness, and seeking the best remedy for a cure for your suffering, I will care for you as the ancients with their sick. They exhibited them on the steps of the temple, in order that all who came to worship might propose a remedy. Also I am forced to describe faithfully your condition. Without fear or weakness, I will raise a part of the veil that hides your misfortune, sacrificing all to the truth, the same love of your glory, but as your son loving you passionately, even your vices, even your weakness.

Europe 1886.

Jose Rizal.

It was by that book, full of patriotism,

love of liberty, of faith in the future, of anger against tyranny, Rizal had wished to make known to the world the misery of the Philippines and the odious religion to which they were bound to bow. He also wished to reveal the slumbering of his compatriots and make a decisive appeal to the world of the abuse.

Then he returned to Manila to take the responsibility of his work. For a whole year he fought as if against a pack of barking hounds. For a whole year he was exposed to all the denunciation, to all sorts of calumnies, and to so many outrages from Church and State, until 1888, when he left for Japan, then to the United States. After a short stay here he left again for London. While there, he wrote a curious letter in the "Cologne Gazette," in which he spoke in detail of the curious and hard experiences he had during his stay in Manila, and the peculiar effect it produced on his friends and enemies, alike, yet so different.

"I received your friendly letter the 12th of March, on returning from the Philippines, for I left my country the 3d of February. I have travelled since in China and Japan; and I arrived here the early part of last month. I shall be here a couple of years, probably, and I hope we shall see each other again next year. I shall go to Belgium to look for a new country. I shall go up the Rhine, and leave at Rotterdam, and I shall surely come to visit you and your family, in the midst of which I have passed so many sweet and pleasant hours and days. It is on account of my book that I have been obliged to leave my country. The Governor had me summoned for to demand an explanation. The priests were greatly excited. They wanted to chase me, but they did not know how, as all I wrote was historical and true.

The archbishop wanted to excommunicate me, but the State thought it best not to. I am living here in an excellent family, and writing a new book. The Philippine people accepted with much pleasure my 'Noli me Tangere.' The edition is completely exhausted. The Government and the priests have severely and harshly prohibited it from being sold, and no one can read it to advantage now. The story of my return would be too long and difficult for those to understand who do not know the life of the Philippines. My family prevented me from accepting a dinner from anyone for fear of my being poisoned. Friends and enemies alike read of me, some burning my book, others paying as high as fifty dollars for one. The booksellers have made a great deal of money. I am the only one who has gained nothing. All of the priests clamored for my banishment. But they were again confronted by the Governor, who told them that he could only refer my case to the courts, who would see that justice was done, and that is the reason why, alas, in order to give peace to my parents, I left the country again, and here I am again on a free soil, breathing the free atmosphere of Europe. My compatriots esteemed me happy to have been able to return alive to the Philippines. I think of Schiller and his life. I have seen horrible things, the monsters have drawn me in their nets, but by the aid of God, here I am again on the surface."

From 1888-91 Rizal lived successively at London, Paris, Gand, and Madrid. When in Madrid he divided his life between literary and polemical work, and led a vigorous campaign in favor of his country, by trying to show Spain that reforms were necessary if they wished to avoid a great catastrophe, for he believed that it was still possible to have an understanding with Spain, and was will-

ing to accept the Church if they gave them a tolerable colonial government, but they would not listen to him. He was not one of those who could be discouraged. And if they refused to listen to him in Madrid, he would brave all perils and carry them higher to those who had the charge—to the governor of the Philippines.

After deliberate consideration, he set sail again for his native land, and arrived at Hong Kong, and addressed the following letter to El Capitan Gen'l Despujol, then Governor of the Philippines:

"If Your Excellency believes that my services may be able to be of service to you for to eradicate the evils of the country, and to assist to heal the open wound for the recent injustice, as it is spoken of, confiding in your word as a gentleman, surely you will respect my rights as a citizen. I will place myself immediately at the order of Your Excellency, who will see and judge of the loyalty of my conduct, and the sincerity of my engagements. If that repulses my offer Your Excellency will know better than any one else why it was done. But I shall have in the future the conscience to have done all that I could without ceasing to seek the good of my country and to preserve it for Spain by a solid political base based on the justice of the community's common interests."

He waited several months for the answer. It came, and Capt. Gen'l Despujol in it gave word to guarantee the security and liberty of Rizal. He at once left for Manila. Unfortunately, his friends, expecting a snare, advised him not to come. Rizal would listen to no one, and embarked July, 1892, and a few days afterwards set his foot again on his native soil. The Governor Despujol was a very cruel man, even more so than Gen. Weyler, and resorted to making a pastime of torturing. Later, in

Spain, when Governor of Barcelona, he presided at the torture of Monjuich, as did the Spaniards during the Inquisition. Despite his polished air, many of Rizal's friends knew it was but the decision of this man to put to death, and warned him many, many times, but he only replied that some one must suffer for the country, and the hand of fate had marked him.

Rizal had scarcely landed before he was arrested and deported for a while to Dapitan on the island of Mindanao. There, in spite of the persecutions and the menaces, the valiant soul of Rizal seemed to be filled with light and shine out and redouble his activity. He sang in songs poetic of the splendors of nature that surrounded him, and plunged into the depths of scientific research, and wrote a philosophic work on the Tagal language, and in spite of the surveillance of which he was the sole object, it seemed to be the most happy period of his existence. Surrounded by the veneration of all, he dreamed to create a family and marry a young Irish girl, to whom he presented a betrothal ring. Without doubt it was of her he thought when he wrote those beautiful lines that so revealed his delicate soul, so full of tenderness and passion. No doubt he thought of some sweet song to murmur softly in her ear, one of those tropical nights under a moon that shines as if it were a second sun, or probably he thought again of the receptions at the homes of his friends, where harps, guitars, mandolins, and other native instruments played the patriotic strains; of the many ladies and officers of the phantom republic, or was it the words of the Kalipunan, so dear to all their ears, "Pangul Dhang Digma Magdalo."

He said when he was in Germany: "The nightingale's song charmed my ear, and I thought it must have been

thought of you that inspired him to sing the warmth of your love, caused the fogs to disappear when in Norway, and the ice to melt in that great northland. In Italy the beautiful blue sky by its clearness and depths, spoke to me of your eyes, and the gracious peasants said again and again with their smiles, like the beautiful Andalusian fields embalmed with sweet aroma. People of the remembrance of Oriental days filled my heart with poetry and set my thoughts to you and your love."

Now that he had returned he was not long to enjoy that sweet existence that man and woman can only feel once. About the middle of August, 1896, when the first signs of the insurrection were manifest, the Governor Capt. Gen'l Guzman Blanco thought to end it by many arrests, and at the end of the same month he ordered Rizal arrested at Dapitan and transferred to Manila, and sent him later to Madrid aboard "El Isla de Panay," and placed him at the disposition of the minister of war and colonies. Upon his arrival at Barcelona on the 6th of October, he was treated as a dangerous prisoner and sent to Monjuich prison, where he again came face to face with Despujol, the general who four years before had betrayed him. Despujol had received precise and malicious instructions from Manila about Rizal, and as much as he hated him he knew he was a ward of the minister of war. He knew that at the trial he could find no proof of his guilt other than free speech. This butcher general found means to return him to Manila. He was subsequently re-embarked for the Philippines and incarcerated at Fort Santiago. If Marechal Blanco had have remained Governor he would have been saved. But he was too humane to remain long there. It was essential for the Friars to have a cruel man at the

head of the Government, so they appealed so much to the Home Government that he was replaced by Gen. Palavieja, a great admirer of the butcher brute, Gen. Weyler, and a great favorite of the Queen, and proved even more cruel than Weyler in the Philippines.

His first thought was blood, and that of Rizal was soon to flow, and to his fiancée we are indebted for the following story of his public murder by order of State, Dec. 30, 1896.

The whole world looked on with derision and horror at the murder of Rizal, for it could not have been called aught else. Even as cruel as the Spaniards are, some of the officers who were opposed to Rizal and the revolutionary party, declared that it was simple murder, for not only was proof wanting, but no real charge could be obtained. All they could say was, "Well, he wrote a book." In this country it seems derisive to read of a civilized country, one who has occupied the highest and foremost places in the world, to commit such an erratic deed of barbarism, and in spite of the opposition knowing and Rizal protesting, they set on death as a traitor, and condemned him to be shot on the following morning at sunrise. Then his sweetheart asked to be allowed to marry him, and it was granted, she giving as her reason that it would help him to bear more cheerfully his execution. The marriage was celebrated the same evening after the decision of the court martial.* I passed all night before the door of his cell on my knees in prayer, in that prison where my husband was incarcerated. At the first sign of daybreak, the doors were opened, and Rizal appeared, walking firmly, surrounded by soldiers, who accompanied him to the Luneta, that favorite promenade of Manila's aristocracy, that had been selected by the Government after

the series of revolutions as a place for the public executions, usually witnessed by the Governor-General and staff and populace, and music, so that all loyal subjects might see how Spain treated her disloyal subjects. Many looked on with awe, and wondered if there was any God, and if so why had he so cursed their homes. When they reached the place, the Capt. Com'dr asked Rizal, "Where do you want us to shoot you?" "Right in the heart," he replied with a strong voice. "Impossible," the lieutenant replied, "only those of high rank may have the right to be shot in that manner. You shall be shot in the back." The odious priest chanted his incantation, and the victim of Spain's most heinous crime fell, mortally shot to death. "Long live Spain!" the soldiers cried, but from him came no response. He was dead. His wife cried, "Death to Spain!" She asked for his body, but it was refused, and she swore to be avenged on Spain for his death. She joined the rebel forces, and with a mauser and a poignard she kept her word. If a Spanish soldier was wounded or captured, it would have been far better to have died by his own hand than to have fallen into the hands of her detachment, and many met death at her hand. Rizal did more than any man to keep the revolution alive, and despite the fact that his wife wept before his door, and with only a few hours to live, he wrote these lines:

Good-bye Country, beloved of the sun,
Pearl of the Eastern sea, our lost Paradise,

I am going to give happily my sad and dark life,

And were it more brilliant, fresher, more flowery,

I would still give it further,

I would give all for thy happiness.

Oh, my country, of your splendor the hour has come.

THE ROLL-CALL OF THE GREAT.

AZALIA EDMONIA MARTIN.

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Suppose a voice should on the stillness
break?

Should call from out the land the truly
great;

The names this world now holds with
haughty pride

Would not all be proclaimed as those
of state.

Would we hear but the names of wealthy
sires

Who list not to the poor who cry for
bread;

Nor think of brotherhood of man to man,
No deed of kindness in the lives they
led?

Within some lowly dwelling there may
be,

Toiling in humbleness with soul con-
tent;

Deep in whose upright heart naught
dwells save love,

Where kindness reigns—a life for
others spent.

Methinks that voice would call the
humbler great,

As it is heard far o'er the hills away;
True greatness is a gem wealth cannot
buy,

Nor found by those who seek it day
by day.

Some hold the jeweled prize, yet know
it not,

When labor's o'er, and he has reached
Death's gate;

'Tis then his name is heralded far and
near;

He's numbered in the roll call of the
great.

THE NEGRO UNDER TWO FLAGS.

DR. MARCUS L. BARKER.

WHEN, in 1492, Columbus at the end of a long, trying and perilous voyage, sighted this Western World, and the hosts of adventurers and explorers who followed in his train visited various parts of the American continent, the most chimerical flights of fancy could not have dreamed that here was opening up a theatre on which were to be enacted some of the greatest performances in the world's history. Civilization then, as compared with now, was crude and backward; the peopling of countries and the development of their resources was measured by centuries, and not, as at present, by decades or at most, by generations; the law of might prevailed over the law of right, and continued so for a long time, religious dogmata provoked more opposition and caused more bloodshed than the most serious transgressions of international law or national honor. Men fought principally as a pastime and pleasure; religious persecution was fierce in its zeal and sanguinary in its methods, and intolerance was amongst the virtues of those in authority.

It was on account of the various attempts of successive archbishops of Canterbury to enforce uniformity of worship in England that the Separatists, as they were then known, removed as early as 1606 to Holland, and were followed by another congregation in 1608 in order to enjoy the liberty of worshipping as seemed best to them. Dissatisfied with the town life of Leyden, their first refuge, they made terms with the Virginia Company, and in 1620 sailed for America in

the "Mayflower." Accident compelled them to disembark near Cape Cod, and they called their settlement New Plymouth, and, as the colony grew rapidly, it was soon known as New England. The Virginia colony had been planted as early as 1607, yet the New Englanders must always be taken as the type of the early colonizers of America, for the Southerners were largely gentlemen who had been accustomed to a life of ease in England, and who were desirous of reproducing in the country of their adoption the same easy country life of their early days. The Northerners, on the other hand, were men of middle estate,—farmers, shopkeepers, and mechanics—men who had been accustomed to earn their living with their own hands; and who reproduced in New England the life of the village instead of that of the hall. Their lands were small, while the estates of the Southerners were large; and to supply the demand for labor entailed by the latter, slavery was resorted to. It must be remarked here in passing that the first place in the Western World to be colonized by Europeans was St. Domingo, now a Negro republic. It was also the first place where African slavery was introduced; and despite its ever-changing and bloody history, can safely lay claim to the organization of the first real movement that ultimately suppressed the institution.

The rapid development of the colonies planted in what is now the United States, and in the West India Islands, necessitated the introduction of foreign labor, the scanty home supply being wholly inadequate. The fields opened up were too

vast, and neither the Indians of the mainland nor the Caribs of the islands could be made to work under the conditions imposed by the new masters of the soil. Hence it was that the British, Spaniards, and Dutch immediately turned their attention to the importation of Negroes from the coasts of Africa to work on the plantations in their new possessions; and from the beginning of the sixteenth century was inaugurated that dastardly and illegal traffic in human souls that will for all time stain the pages of history, and for which the perpetrators can never sufficiently atone.

It was in August, 1619, that the first slave-trader, a Dutch ship whose very name is now unknown, arrived at Jamestown, bringing twenty* Negroes, who were sold in exchange for such commodities as the ship was in need of; and this was the nucleus of slavery on the American continent. A few years previous, slaves had been carried to Barbados, and at about the same time to the Bermudas, but the system had been introduced into Haiti as early as 1503. To the eternal disgrace of the British and American people it must be said that the traffic and the system was undertaken and maintained solely from motives of financial gain. The British Parliament affirmed in one of its resolutions on the subject that "The slave trade is highly beneficial and advantageous to this kingdom, and to the plantations and colonies thereunto belonging," while the American people, less than twenty years after the first slaves were landed here had built their first slave ship, the "Desire," at Marblehead, Mass., and it is related on good authority that when the trade was at its height, a governor of Georgia left his post to become a slave smuggler.

But it is not in the province of this article to deal with the scenes of cruelty and butchery that were enacted on the coasts of Africa, nor with the overcrowding of rotten and leaky ships with human souls heavily manacled and subjected to all the tortures and privations men have ever been made to undergo. We willingly pass over the scenes when they even committed suicide to put an end to their tortures, or were thrown overboard in order that the ship owners might make money out of the underwriters for loss of cargo. Rather is it our intention to consider the Negro in the countries of his compulsory adoption, and touch on a few points in connection with his life from 1620 to the present time. To do this we have selected the British and American flags, and purpose to compare and contrast the conditions obtaining under them. These two flags stand at present for all that makes for progress in its widest sense, besides being the country and the colonies outside of Africa where the race is found in greatest numbers and with highest possibilities; and we shall have to regard them as separate nations, although my readers are well aware that for a century and a half of its slave-holding history a considerable portion of the present United States of America was part and parcel of the British Empire.

Historians of the seventeenth century did not hesitate to aver that slavery was a commercial and economic necessity; and it is small wonder that the system became so natural when it was preached from the pulpit, supported from the halls of justice, and regarded by the most advanced and humane thinkers as a necessary evil. We should not have the slightest difficulty now in combating such a statement and in sup-

*The date is also given as 1618, and one writer gives the number of slaves as fourteen.

porting our position by the simplest arguments. What is pleasant to one generation becomes hateful to its successor. The Negro brought to the land of his adoption supplied a long-felt want. He was physically strong, and flourished well on an uncongenial soil, and in an unaccustomed climate. His masters had made ineffectual attempts to enslave the aborigines, but they died off like plague-stricken animals, either from suicide or hardship. The Spaniards held possession of the island of Jamaica for about a century. It is true that their occupancy was characterized by those methods that have always made their name a synonym for cruelty; yet it is a fact worth noticing that at the present time there is literally not a drop of original Carib blood in the island. The result is the same with regard to all the darker races that have come into contact with the civilizing influences of the white man, as can be proved by looking at the Indians of this continent, and the Maoris, Bushmen, and Papuans of Australasia. Thus far the Negro is the only race that has demonstrated its ability to make progress by the side of the white man, and to thrive alike on his virtues and vices, although for more than two centuries hard labor and harder knocks have been his portion.

But it is in his relation with the dominant Anglo-Saxon race that we are chiefly concerned. Settled in America and the British West Indies, the Negro was a slave and nothing more, sold like any other commodity to the highest bidder, and becoming the property of his purchaser until, as was seldom the case, the time came when he had raised sufficient money to manumit himself, or, more rarely still, a kind and benevolent master gave him his freedom.

A glance at slavery as practised in America and the British West Indies,

reveals two systems, both replete with "all the horrors, atrocious crimes, and sufferings of which human nature on the face of the globe is capable," but differing in one great and essential point. Both systems represent the oppression of the unprivileged class by the privileged, but whereas in the British West Indies the privileged class were those of good social and financial position, in America they were represented by the white race. In short, the institution in the former was purely a social distinction, in the latter it was purely a racial distinction. Hence it was that when emancipation was brought about in the Islands, there were men of color who were large slave-holders, and possessed of equal rights with their white brethren; and in the island of Barbados, to give one example, there was a colored planter who had upwards of three hundred slaves on his various plantations. We have not been able to find that this was the case in America, at least, not to any appreciable extent, and the rights which free Negroes enjoyed were by no means as liberal as those of the whites. The whole teaching of the system in this country was calculated to impress the Negro with the idea that he was an inferior being, unfit for anything beyond his present condition, and that any of his brethren who were not in his position were dangerous individuals, to be as sedulously avoided as a deadly epidemic. In the Islands, on the other hand, he was regarded as an unfortunate individual, capable, however, of rising superior to his position; and if, perchance, he did so, he might reach forward and accomplish higher and better things. Mention must also be made of another feature of slavery in which the Anglo-Saxon race stands condemned—that of enslaving their immediate offspring. The Latin races were their su-

periors in this respect, in that they seldom or never enslaved their children, whereas it was a common practice, especially in this country, to see the natural born sons and daughters of white fathers enduring all the degradation and inhumanity with which slavery is associated.

With regard to the political and civil status of the Negro in his days of slavery there is not much to say. Everyone is more or less acquainted with what his position was, and the wound smarts too much to tempt our re-opening it uselessly. Suffice it to say that from New England to the Mexican Gulf, all parties seemed inclined to get as much as possible out of his labor and his misfortune, and give him less than nothing in return for his pains. Nor need we cite the conditions obtaining in the Islands from 1620 till towards the end of the eighteenth century, as there is a marked similarity in the methods adopted by the white race in both parts when dealing with the Negro. But we are bound in fairness to admit that racial intolerance was never so pronounced in the Islands as on the American continent. As early as September, 1630, the first prohibition was made in this country against the personal contact of the two races. England at that time was pursuing the policy of using her newly acquired colonies as a dumping ground for her convicts and undesirables. In this way, large numbers of people were transported hither from the mother-country, whose status to all intents and purposes, was that of slaves. But our white Christian brethren were not slow in marking a distinct difference between white and black slaves; for while they eagerly doomed the Negro, through no fault of his own, to perpetual servitude and made the system hereditary, these white outcasts, who had very often made their country

too hot to hold them, were given the proud title of "servants for a time." The Negro was beyond the pale of the law, and as he was not baptized into the Christian Church, did not come beneath the protection of that divine institution. Of political rights he had not a vestige. By a law passed in 1705, he was prevented from holding or exercising any office, ecclesiastical, civil, or military, or any place of public trust or power. As early as 1639 he was excused—mark the term—from owning or carrying arms. If found with a gun, sword, club, staff, or other weapon, he was turned over to the constable, who administered twenty lashes on his bare back. Yet this privilege was extended to the Indians who were never treated in the same harsh way; but as the historian, Williams, remarks, the Indian was on his own soil, and it would not have been safe to subject him to the same treatment. But when Negro and Indian slaves lived on the border of a colony frequently harassed by predatory bands of hostile Indians, the Negroes could bear arms by first getting a written license from their masters; but even then they were kept under strict surveillance by the whites. The cause of this restriction is not far to seek, for the masters, knowing well the temper of the Negroes, and the treatment they received, were careful to remove from their reach anything that would aid them in resenting the cruel indignities heaped upon them. Law, whether civil or criminal, affected them in the same way. They could not appear as witnesses in any cases whatsoever, not being Christians; but this was modified later on, and they were allowed to appear as witnesses in the trial of slaves. In criminal case, the slave could be arrested, cast into prison, tried, and condemned, with but one witness against him, and sentenced without a jury.

All these hardships seemed to apply to all colored persons, bond and free, for there is no trustworthy record existing to show that free Negroes even had the right of franchise. The act of 1723 declares that "No free Negro shall hereafter be allowed to vote at any election," leaving us to infer that previous to that time they had exercised the privilege of voting; but this inference is not supported by historical proof. Yet they had to pay taxes and were compelled to do so. What a satire on the people who fought in defence of constitutional liberty, and declared that all men are born equal, and entitled to the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness. The only distinction, therefore, enjoyed by free Negroes was that of being masters of their own labor.*

In the West Indies, where, as we have said, the social system prevailed, matters were not stretched to so fine a point. The slave population had quickly outnumbered the European, and many of the former had been able to purchase their freedom, and to take their stand alongside their erstwhile masters. Possessed of the requirements of recognition, and by reason of their numbers, they soon demanded their rights, which were tardily and unwillingly granted. Again, the rising humanitarian feeling, so prevalent in England towards the end of the eighteenth century, was not long in affecting the colonies; and the masters soon found themselves compelled by law to have their slaves instructed in the rudiments of education, and to teach them the Christian religion. Cromwell, in his Irish and Scottish wars, had sent some of his prisoners, principally Scots, as slaves to Barbados; and as they were treated precisely as the Negro slaves, it goes without saying that any privilege

granted to one party, had naturally to be granted to the other.

Passing over the period of slavery, let us consider the Negro as a free man. As a slave, his condition in either country affords much for comparison, little for contrast. Regarded in its mildest aspect, slavery is a horrid and unmitigated evil. Rather would we consider him in the possession of freedom, with a chance to think and act for himself, and with a scope for the exercise of his various capabilities. And a word as to the means by which freedom was brought about in America and the British colonies. In the case of the latter it was a humane movement; the result of the exertions of philanthropists, and of the teachings of those who abhorred the system as a menace to the welfare of society, and a direct violation of the rights of man. In America it was a political necessity, consummated by a clash of arms, the slaughter of brothers and kinsmen, and the desire to save the Union. Emancipation cost England \$100,000,000, donated out of charity to reimburse those who would lose by having their property taken away,—for, after all, the masters had bought their slaves, just as they had bought their cattle—and not a drop of blood was shed. One writer characterizes this action of England as "the grandest and noblest act done by any nation in the history of the world," and the immortal Channing pronounced a eulogy on the deed that has never been surpassed for enthusiasm. What did it cost America? Billions of dollars, the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of her manhood, and the destruction, heart-burnings, and retrogression that inevitably follow in the wake of that most disastrous of all wars,—a civil war.

But slavery has been abolished after

*In South Carolina free Negroes enjoyed the franchise, although exactly at what time and for how long is not authoritatively known. Other states at one time or another granted certain privileges, but definite records are few, and lacking in coincidence.

standing the test of improving conditions for three centuries, and at length failing to be in keeping with civilization. The white man no longer sells or flogs his black brother, and the latter, with that forbearance which is his highest virtue, no longer awaits the time when he may shoulder his rifle and avenge the insults of ages. Upwards of eight hundred thousand slaves were emancipated in the colonies, and over three million in America. Let us inquire how these respective governments proceeded to convert the Negroes into useful citizens. The task was an easy one, and the means of accomplishing it simple. It is simply this:—all things being equal, trust intelligence to control ignorance. England tried the experiment, and succeeded; America, with the precedent set, tried another, and failed. And here we desire to record our most solemn and decided protest against all those who reproach the Negro with inferiority and unsusceptibility of improvement. The race which in the dark and dismal days of slavery produced a Phyllis Wheatley, a Banneker, a Derham, and a Fuller is surely capable of anything good.

With all the information to hand bearing on the treatment of the Negro under the British flag, we may be permitted to cite one instance which comprehends the whole situation. We select Jamaica from the Islands, as it is the largest and most important of the British possessions in that archipelago, and the number of slaves liberated there was more than one-third of the total amount. The following was written by a white colonist less than twenty years after slavery had been abolished, and is quoted from the work of a French author: "It may be supposed that the whites have the pre-eminence here. . . But apart from that pre-eminence which results from wealth and intelligence in every commu-

nity, the whites have no privilege over their fellow citizens. . . The colored man holds a position in no wise inferior, and we find no reason to complain that he is on the same footing with ourselves. Our bar is not crowded, but colored lawyers hold the first place there; colored physicians practise in concurrence with the whites. . . These are facts which it is important to establish, for all this progress has been accomplished since the abolition of slavery in the island. We have proved by experience that the colored man can raise himself to the first rank of civil society, and hold his place there as well as any European by origin.

Such sentiments, uttered by a white colonist, and re-echoed by a foreigner, go far to show that the dissatisfaction which the Negro feels is mainly due to circumstances beyond his control. While no apology must be made for those of the race whose conduct is unworthy of their people, we are, nevertheless, aware that the element of lawlessness inherent in every man to a greater or less degree, is very likely, when not subdued by rigorous training, to find vent in all kinds of excesses; and it were as cruel for the Negroes to estimate the whites by their convicts in the state prisons, as it is for the whites to rate them by the black sheep of their number, since, as is very often the case, the law is more rigorously enforced against them in certain sections of the country, and they are sometimes punished severely for crimes of which, to say the least, their guilt has not been clearly proved.

It is plain that wherever a Negro has been well treated, wherever freedom has been followed by justice and a solid intellectual and religious training, the transition from servitude and degradation to thrift, industry and improvement has been easy. There are two ways by which men may be governed, by their hopes or by

their fears. Take away from them hope and life is not worth the living; while to govern them by their fears, requires a bulwark of contrivances to protect the oppressors. To quote Williams again: "A guilty conscience always needs a multitude of subterfuges to guard against possible contingencies." About two years ago there died in the island of Barbados a Negro whose name will be remembered as long as his country lasts. Born in a very humble station, and receiving only such education as the common school affords, he cherished a longing to become something great. Succeeding in impressing his countrymen with his ability and energy, he was enabled, through the kindness of a benefactor and friends to study law. Returning from England at the mature age of forty, he settled down to practice, and after a short but sharp contest for supremacy, forced all the kings of the local bar to bow before him. Appointed Solicitor General in 1875, he became the servant of the government; but as soon as a movement was set on foot to bring about the confederation of his island home, he quickly threw up his post and championed the cause of the people who were oppsed to the measure. He won his fight, and his grateful countrymen, both white and colored, forced him to accept a purse of \$5,000, and the next year the Imperial government quickly confirmed his appointment to the more important post of attorney general. He became chief justice, filling the position with dignity and ability for fifteen years, and received the title of knighthood from the late Queen Victoria; and now citizens of every color, class and creed are joined together in raising a monument in the city of Bridgetown in honor of the Negro Reeves. To-day, in that same island, the government leader in the people's legislative house and the chairman of the

Commercial Association is a colored man who is the wealthiest man in the island, and his white colleagues are proud to honor and follow him. A man is elected to an office on his merits alone, and electors of all classes would vote against a colored man in favor of a white, and vice versa, according as the one or the other was unworthy or not. Whatever feelings of prejudice or animosity may arise in the minds of the white,—and human nature is the same the world over—they find it convenient, as Tacitus says, "to lay aside private hatred when matters of public interest are in question." The professions and the civil service have their Negro representatives; men of all colors worship God in the same house and unite their voices in singing his praise.

To look at conditions obtaining in America, a similar spectacle does not confront us. The general improvement in the condition of the Negro during his forty years of freedom is not commensurate with the general improvement of the country. And it is all the more surprising when we notice what great strides the race has made in every intellectual, moral and social sphere. We are told plainly at the beginning of this century of enlightenment that the very fact of a man's being a Negro is sufficient to disqualify him from public office; that his services as a factor in the administration of a country governed by the consent of the governed are no longer necessary; that he is still a doubtful specimen of humanity; because a vile system of treatment has wrung from him just accusations against his oppressors. The offence becomes a crime when we see the renegades from every corner of Europe and Asia welcomed with outstretched arms and smiling faces to a country in which the blood of the Negro has been freely spilt for its up-

building and maintenance. The miserable loaves and fishes that were doled out sparingly to slaves is no food for free men who have hopes and ambitions, for where nothing is expected, no one is disappointed. Doubtless the memory of Civil War days rankles in the minds of some of the Southerners, and they can neither forgive nor forget the race who were yesterday grovelling in chains at their feet, and are to-day pointing a rifle at their breasts, but it was a political and moral necessity, and those who postpone desperate diseases must be prepared to endure desperate remedies. It is true that schools and beneficent institutions of all kinds have been established for the amelioration of the people, and generous philanthropists contribute to their upkeep and extension; but the sentiment which should bring about that admirable feeling of cordiality between races living under the same flag and responsible for its honor, is, in many cases, sadly lacking. We do not wish to be understood as attempting to indict the whole American nation of illiberal treatment of their fellow men. Far be it, for we know that there are in this country, many broad-minded and humane men, who, if they could, would instantly erase so foul a blot from the fair escutcheon of America, and hold their country up to the world as the finest pattern of liberty and justice. We are also aware that much of the injustice which the race has to suffer is due to those who are of no account in the public estimation; but the aggravation remains just the same, and is frequently accentuated by the endorsement of those who fill positions of honor and responsibility, and from whom better

is expected. Again, it is not in every section of the country that the same conditions prevail. In Massachusetts, for instance, no Negro need fear of being deprived of his political rights while she continues to bear the time-honored reputation of being the pioneer State in the Union for the furtherance of the principles of civilization. And there are other places where a man may aspire, and that reasonably too, to lift himself up and be of service to his people, himself and the world. The race has never desired to be pampered or favored; they have requested simply a fair field and no favor, and they have got too little of both. Sympathy is occasionally meted out, but it is in many cases the sympathy that consists only in words. A few more men white and colored, with the courage of their convictions, and the boldness to stand by them, will do more for the race than all the political campaigns, indignation meetings and newspaper correspondence.

We pay our tribute of honor and respect to the men, North and South, who have approached this question in its broad and humane light, and have sought to improve it. There are many such, and to them the race owes a deep and lasting debt of gratitude. Those on the other hand who are fostering animosity between the races, will, we hope, be soon made to see the error of their ways; and when all wrongs shall have been righted, the American people and the world will behold with satisfaction the spectacle of millions of the Negro race, the most desirable, as they are the most law-abiding people on the face of the earth.

THE TRUE REFORMERS.

MR. W. P. BURRELL, GENERAL SECRETARY.

THE Grand Fountain of the United Order of True Reformers was the product of the brain of William Washington Browne, who was born a slave in the mountains of Habersham County, Georgia. After a varied experience as a racerider, a soldier in the war between the states, a farmer and posthole digger in Wisconsin, a public school teacher in Georgia, and a leader of the temperance movement in Alabama, he came to Virginia in 1881 and laid the foundation for what was destined to be one of the greatest levers for the uplifting of the Negroes of America.

With one hundred members and one hundred and fifty dollars he started this powerful organization, which to-day has seventy thousand benefited members, and has paid over two millions of dollars in benefits. It was always the desire of W. W. Browne to teach his followers the value of time and the mighty dollar. In all his lectures he was careful to call attention to the fact that it were better for the Negro to make the best of the conditions by which he found himself surrounded, and at the same time to strive to improve every moment and get a dollar to be invested, if possible, in real estate, or some other good security. His advice to the young man was, "If you have education, stay in a dining room only long enough to get money to go into some kind of business whereby you can benefit yourself and your people. If you are uneducated, stay in a dining room only long enough to get money

to go to school to prepare yourself to be a man and serve your people." He believed in humble beginnings and steady, solid growth, so the first offices of the organization were in a small room at his private residence, 105 West Jackson St. Here, in humble quarters, with the assistance of his boy of all work, W. P. Burrell, he laid his plans and modelled his machinery. Here, too, when the time came for such a venture, he opened the first Negro Savings Bank of the country, the Savings Bank of The Grand Fountain, U. O. T. R. It did not matter to him that men criticised his business methods in opening a bank in the residential part of a colored district, he determined to stay there until the bank was big enough and strong enough to be moved.

The Virginia Legislature in 1888 granted a charter, and in April, 1889, the bank opened its doors with deposits amounting to \$1250.00. The failure of the Freedmen's Bank being fresh in the minds of the people, it was a hard job to get depositors, as all declared that this was another Freedmen's Bank. Mr. Brown explained from the rostrum and in the public press that the Freedmen's Bank was never a Negro institution in anything except name. Prejudice was gradually overcome, and so strong had the sentiment of race pride become that in 1893, when every bank in Richmond was compelled to use script in the transaction of its daily business, the True Reformers' Bank continued to pay dollar for dollar on all checks presented by its

depositors, and was enabled, when no other bank would do so, to advance money to the Supervisor of the public schools, to pay his salary accounts. There are now more than ten thousand depositors in the bank, and the last report to the Auditor of Public Accounts showed assets of over five hundred thousand dollars (500,000.00). While the bank bears the name of the Grand Fountain, its business is distinct, and is conducted under a separate charter. From the humble quarters on Jackson St. the bank was removed to the large three-story brick building at 604, 606, 608 North Second St., where, with up-to-date quarters, it has been doing business for the last fourteen years.

In 1893, at the suggestion of Rev. Browne, the Grand Fountain decided to put in operation a system of Old Folks Homes for the benefit of the poor of the colored race. This idea was suggested to him on seeing old aged mothers and fathers on the dump piles, scratching for cinders and something to keep them warm. He felt that the young owed them a debt of gratitude, and so he started the plan of Old Folks Homes, and after four years was able to purchase the valuable farm of Westham, consisting of six hundred and thirty-four and one-quarter acres, in Henrice County, six miles from Richmond. This home cost \$14,000.00, all of which has long since been paid, and there are now three inmates, with accommodations for many more. The location is beautiful, overlooking the "Noble James." On this farm there has been laid out a colored settlement, known as Browneville. Over two hundred building lots have been sold, and plans have been completed for the building of many beautiful cottages in the early spring.

Mr. T. W. Taylor is the General Su-

perintendent of the Old Folks Homes Department. An electric railroad runs to Browneville, and it will be one of the prettiest settlements in the vicinity of Richmond. Lots are being sold for fifty dollars, many of them being one-half acre in size. Westham station of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad is located on the Westham Farm, and a large, well-kept public road runs right through the centre of the place. There is a large building for inmates, a large barn, and all necessary outhouses. Mr. W. T. Thompson is the farm manager, while his wife, Mrs. M. E. Thompson, is the matron. Arrangements have been made to erect a monument to W. W. Browne at Westham.

In the winter of 1897 Rev. W. W. Browne died in the city of Washington, D. C., and he was succeeded by Rev. W. L. Taylor, who for many years had been a successful deputy and Vice-President of the Order. Rev. Taylor has introduced many new features into the system of True Reformers. The most prominent of these will be found the Reformers' Mercantile and Industrial Association, with its system of five stores and more than two hundred thousand (\$200,000.00) dollars' worth of property. This Association was chartered in 1899 for the purpose of conducting a manufacturing business, trading of all kinds, running newspapers, running hotels, doing a building and loan business, and in fact, the powers granted by its charter are declared by many to be "limitless." This department conducts the "Reformer," a weekly newspaper with over ten thousand subscribers. The Hotel Reformer, with its accommodations for over one hundred and fifty people, is a product of this department. This is said by such men as Booker T. Washington to be the finest Negro hotel in the

South. The sales of the stores have averaged one hundred and ten thousand dollars (\$110,000.00) for the last two years. Eight wagons are used in handling the goods. The stores are located at Richmond, Va., Manchester, Va., Washington, D. C., Roanoke, Va., and Portsmouth, Va. Mr. W. L. Taylor, Jr., is the General Superintendent of the stores.

In the twenty-three years of its existence the Grand Fountain has paid \$824,700.25 in death claims. This money has been distributed broadcast in nearly every state of the Union. For the year ending December 31, 1903, 1,091 death claims were paid, amounting to one hundred and forty-three thousand, six hundred and forty-three dollars and fifty cents (\$143,643.50). This money was

distributed through twenty-four states, as follows: Rhode Island, \$1,200.00; District of Columbia, \$7,414.50; South Carolina, \$277.50; Arkansas, \$75.00; Nebraska, \$200.00; Michigan, \$200.00; Georgia, \$887.00; Indiana, \$589.50; Illinois, \$413.00; Iowa, \$200.00; New Jersey, \$3,849.00; Massachusetts, \$4,640.00; West Virginia, \$2,689.50; Kentucky, \$1,505.00; Tennessee, \$662.00; Ohio, \$3,757.00; Delaware, \$1,790.00; Connecticut, \$1,449.00; Missouri, \$2,084.50; Pennsylvania, \$12,285.50; New York, \$6,363.50; Maryland, \$5,519.50; North Carolina, \$7,498.50; Virginia, \$77,197.00. From these figures it can be seen the True Reformers can rightly claim to be a national organization.

(To be continued)

MISS SUSAN GREEN.

AUGUSTUS M. HODGES.

Miss Susan Green, at sweet sixteen,
Was belle of Morristown;
Her eyes were bright, her teeth were
white,
Her pretty cheeks were brown.

But she was pert; in fact, a flirt,
And with true female skill,
She used her arts upon men's hearts,
And broke them at her will.

It gave her bliss, this cruel Miss,
To make love to Harry,
And Tom and Bill, or John and Will,
Then each refuse to marry.

"Why, Thomas Clark, he is too dark,
And Harry Jones too yellow;
And Willie Bright's as black as night,
And John's a frightful fellow."

So John and Will, then Tom and Bill,
And last of all, poor Harry,
Found girls more true than wicked Sue,
True girls whom they could marry.

Now, Susan Green is thrice sixteen,
And very much afraid,
She'll never wed (so it is said),
But die a sad old maid.

Now, pretty girls with raven curls,
Be warned by Susan Green,
If not, you'll rue, like poor "Aunt Sue,"
When you are thrice sixteen.

PANAMA, THE NEW BLACK REPUBLIC.

NICHOLAS H. CAMPBELL, U. S. N.

REVOLUTIONS are so common in the land of perpetual summer that we have lost interest in reports of new outbreaks, and begin to think, as some people would have it, that they are tropical necessities; but to hear of a declaration of independence by a province, and its immediate recognition by the Powers is such an unusual occurrence that we wish to verify the report, and straightway become interested in the people and their aims.

HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

Panama is an aboriginal term, meaning in the Indian dialect, "place where many fish are taken."

The Spaniards discovered the place thus named in 1517, expecting to find a city of magnificent palaces, with roofs and pillars of solid gold; but they found instead a small fishing hamlet of palm-thatched huts on the open, whitish bay of the Pacific. The humble huts had strings of fine, valuable pearls, and the advantageous position of the place made it the most important city in the New World, as it became the storehouse of the treasures collected by the conquerors and sent to Spain. Pirates sacked the city, which was rebuilt, surrounded by walls of granite from twenty to forty feet high, and over ten feet thick. The port is well protected, and cannot be approached by large vessels nearer than over two miles from the beach.

The Isthmus of Panama extends from east to west, and measures about four

hundred miles in a straight line. Its area is 31,571 square miles. Its boundaries are: Northwest, with Costa Rica; West, with the Pacific; East, with the Atlantic; and South, with the Atrato River in Colombia.

The country is almost entirely covered by a dense tropical jungle, and it is scarcely known beyond the fact that it contains hills of considerable elevation and rivers of some importance. Scattered bands of Indians inhabit the interior of the country.

On the Pacific coast, north of the city of Panama, there is a considerable number of settlements, and over the upland regions are villages and hamlets; some are found also in the interior on the waterways to the sea, and along the line of the railway across from the city of Panama to Colon, forty-seven miles long.

The official estimate of the population is 250,000 inhabitants, composed of Spaniards, Indians, Negroes, and a small number of Europeans and Americans.

The interests of the people of Panama were disregarded by the Bogota government's rejection of the canal treaty. Panama, through which the United States intends to cut the great inter-oceanic canal, immediately, with the unanimous consent of its entire population, revolted, declaring itself an independent republic, and so the Panamans have already ventured to say that some day Panama will be a state in our precious union.

The Hay-Varilla Panama Canal treaty was ratified in Washington on February 23 by a vote of sixty-six to fourteen. Ratifications were formally exchanged in Washington on the 26th, and a proclamation, putting the treaty into effect, was issued. Thereupon Minister Bunau-Varilla cabled to President Amador his resignation. He had already asked the Panama Government to withhold from him his salary and to use it as the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a monument to Ferdinand de Lesseps. The retiring Minister's successor will probably be Pablo Arosemena, recently the President of Panama's Constitutional Convention. In Panama and Colon the ratification of the treaty was celebrated by torch-light processions and fireworks. Orders were given at Washington that the Third Infantry should be sent at once to the Isthmus, to relieve the marines now on duty there. Owing, however, to a sentiment in Congress that troops should be withheld until there is need of them, these orders may be modified.

The President promptly proceeded to select the members of the Panama Canal Commission. It is understood that the following persons will be appointed: Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N., retired (chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission); Major-General George W. Davis, U. S. A., retired; Col. Frank Hecker, of Detroit, Director of Transportation during the war with Spain; William Barclay Parsons, engineer of the New York subway; William H. Burr, professor of engineering in Columbia University; C. Ewald Grunsky, civil engineer, of San Francisco, and Benjamin M. Harrod, engineer, of New Orleans, for many years a member of the Mississippi River Commission. With respect to Mr. Harrod, there was some

delay, owing to charges relating to his action while serving as chief engineer of the New Orleans Drainage Commission; but the President, after careful examination, decided that Mr. Harrod's defense and explanations were sufficient. Immediately after organization the Commission will go to the Isthmus, and its headquarters will be there. Admiral Walker expresses the opinion that within eight years the canal will be open for use. When the work is well in hand, he says, from 30,000 to 40,000 men will be employed. At the beginning the Commission will undertake the sanitary improvement of Panama and Colon, giving each city a sewerage system and a water supply, and raising Colon out of the marsh. Senator Kittredge has introduced a long bill, vesting the government of the canal strip in a board of three men.—The new Constitution of Panama calls the people of the republic "Panamans."—There is no reason to expect, the French Foreign Office says, that the French courts will grant any injunction that would prevent or delay a transfer of the Canal Company's property.—According to the latest reports, General Reyes has been elected President of Columbia by a majority of three votes in the Electoral College.

Having just visited Panama, I am led to believe, save for newspaper reports, few people have any idea of the general appearance of the country or the customs of the people of the new republic.

In Colon and Panama, the two principal cities, the population is made up of Negroes of every hue, and Chinamen. The balance of the population of Panama are the Indians of the mountains. The habits of the Indians are, in many respects, curious. They are a race unto themselves, and dwell quietly and undisturbed by outsiders, in the mountain-

ous center of the isthmus, midway between two great oceans. They very seldom travel any great distance, and but a few of them know of the existence of the Panama railroad.

Surrounded by Spanish civilization as they are, they have remained undisturbed by its influence, and still retain their language and the customs of a hundred years ago. The life of the Panama Indian up in the mountains is one of dreamy contentment, free from cares and sorrow, and provided for by nature. I was told that they were even allowed to have a dozen wives. They are not without considerable shrewdness. One of our illustrations shows an old Indian chief, whose breast is decorated with eagles made of gold obtained in the mountains, where his tribe has worked a gold mine for many years and kept its whereabouts a secret from the prying eyes of the white gold seekers, thereby showing that he has not more money than brains.

The strip of land which is the subject of great discussion throughout the civilized world to-day, can be crossed by railway from Colon to Panama in less than three hours. The total distance is forty-nine miles.

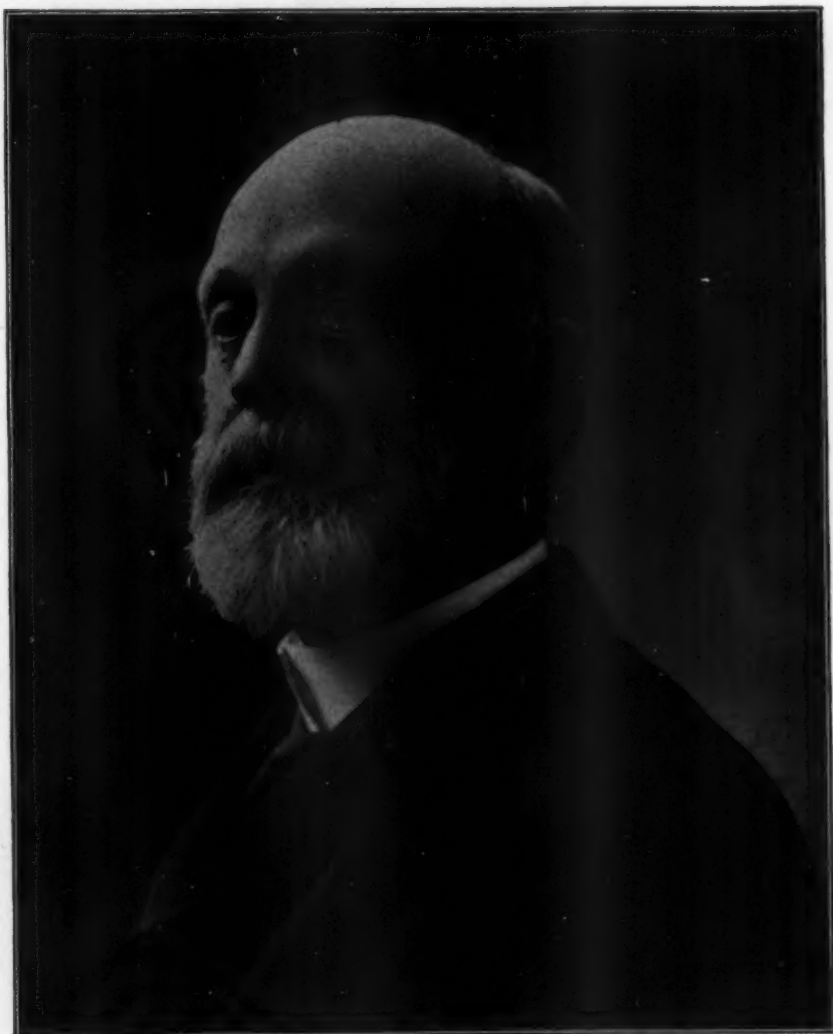
Curiously enough, the Panama railway baggage car is also the telephone central of the trail, and connection may be had with Colon, Panama, or any other station on the line by simply stopping the train and making contact, by means of a long pole, through which the wire from the telephone in the car runs, with the usual wire, running alongside the track. The conductor makes verbal reports to the headquarters at each stop; the stations may or may not have a local operator, according to the importance of the station.

Colon, the Atlantic terminal of the railroad, is by no means a place of beauty, and were it not surrounded by tall palms and tropical vegetation, it might be likened to a Virginia village. Panama has its own peculiar street vendors, the most conspicuous of whom is the milk woman, who can balance a basket of milk bottles on her head without the least difficulty or discomfort. Should she meet the sporty-looking gent who has lottery coupons to dispose of, it would not be an unfair exchange to give him the value of the number she desires, in milk.

Early in the morning, take a walk up the road, and you will meet the dusky maidens, all garbed in their best clothes, en route to market. Accompanying them will be the tropical beast of burden, the donkey, with two queer-looking baskets strung across his back, filled with limes, cocoanuts, oranges, bananas and alligator pears.

What attracted my attention, one day while walking through the streets of Colon, was a boy bugler, who was sounding a call on first one corner and then another. I asked a hotel proprietor the meaning of this seemingly queer action, and I was somewhat surprised when he said it was the call for the Panama soldiers to be paid. He also stated that they were paid about once a week. I thought to myself how well those Panamans must succeed in this undertaking, since revolutionists in the South American countries very seldom have food, not to speak of money.

It is not an uncommon sight to see boys in the armies of South America. A number of Columbian soldiers sent to suppress the Panama revolt, joined the Panama army.

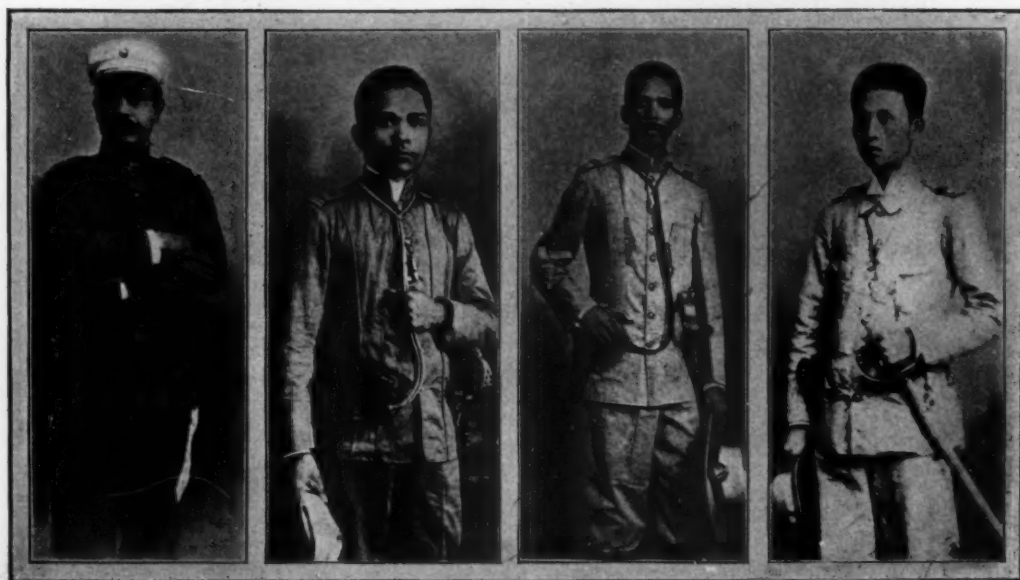


HON. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.
Lexington, Mass.



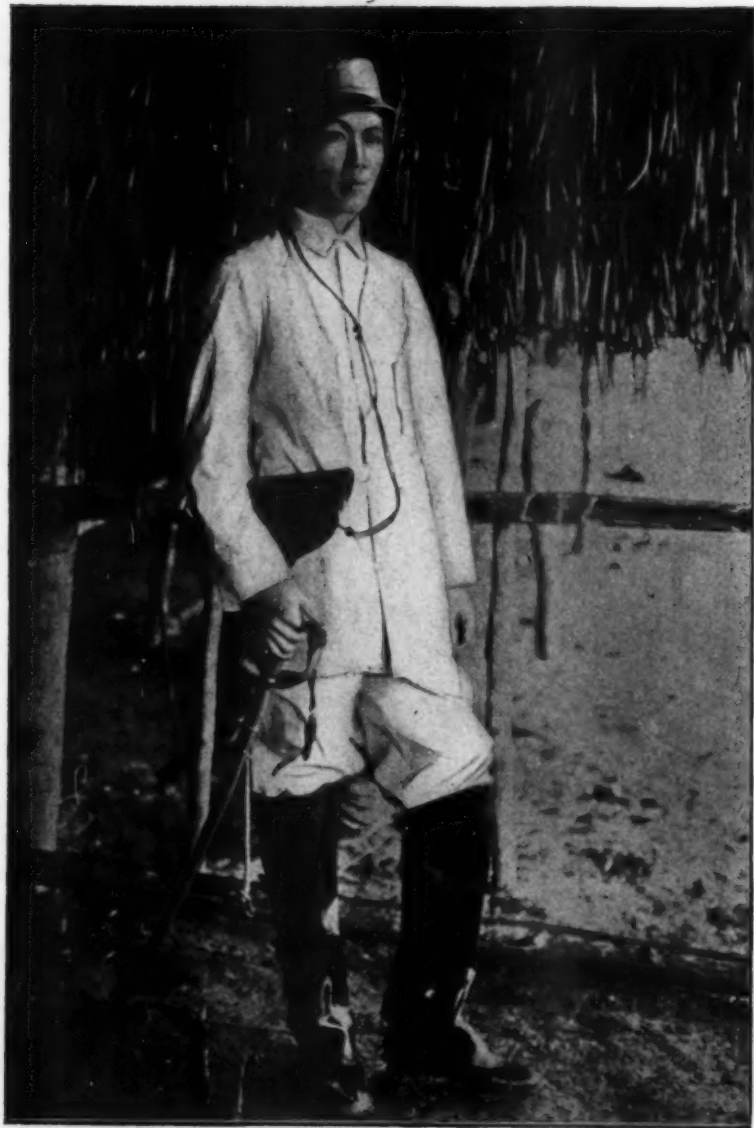
JOSE RIZAL,
Patriot and Martyr.

See Page 253.



AGUINALDO'S LEADING GENERALS.

See Page 253.



AGUINALDO.

See Page 253.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FILIPINO REPUBLIC.

See Page 258.



HERE AND THERE

(Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country, but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.)

St. Louis' latchstring will hang out during the World's Fair, and it will be once more afforded an opportunity to prove the name which it earned some years ago of being The Hospitable City.

For some time, serious attention has been given the problem of suitably receiving and entertaining the distinguished men and women of the race who will be attracted to St. Louis. These preparations have in a measure reached a tentative plan for honoring those whose standing, achievements, prestige or ability have marked them as being befitting recipients of special attention at the hands of their brethren in the metropolis of the Mississippi Valley.

Happily, old and young have made a concerted effort to see to it that receptions shall be both spontaneous and cordial, dignified, and reflecting credit on the hosts as well as on the guests.

A tacit understanding has been reached that receptions of informal character will be given; for with the mingling of so many well-known colored men and women the greater amount of social intercourse can be vouchsafed without too much intrusion or exclusiveness.

It will serve to introduce the young women to representative men of the race from elsewhere, and the young men of St. Louis to their visiting sisters. There

will also be held several entertainments of a formal nature, however.

Correspondence that has passed between leaders of the various clubs and circles, the schools and colleges, forecasts that within a short time preparations for the entertainment of the members of the race as guests of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will be well under way.

The Forum Club, known throughout the country as one of the most unique institutions conducted by representative colored men, will be the scene of many informal events during the big exposition.

The colored business men of St. Louis assert that the problem of hotel accommodation for colored visitors has about been solved, and that there will not be any difficulty in providing all with first-class boarding places.

Recently several well-to-do colored St. Louisans purchased a large building located in the central part of the city for \$35,000, which is being converted into a first-class hotel and hall.

We give the portraits of four young St. Louisans who are taking an active part in the arrangements for entertaining World's Fair visitors.

1, Lester A. Walton; 2, Clarence C. Goins; 3, Paul W. Moseley; 4, Lorenzo W. Harris.



FOUR YOUNG ST. LOUISANS WHO ARE TAKING AN ACTIVE PART IN THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR ENTERTAINING WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS.

See Page 277.

We present to our readers with much pride, the face of Mr. Theodore Drury, of New York, on the cover of our April number.

Mr. Drury is meeting with great success in his arduous task of presenting grand opera with colored performers before a critical audience in the great Western Metropolis. Mr. Drury is well fitted to become the pioneer in an epoch in our race history. Undismayed by difficulties, he has pressed forward towards the goal of his ambition, as have a host of grand race lovers.

Thus far he has succeeded in presenting four grand operas: "Il Guarany," "Carmen," "Faust" and "Aida"; each

showing improvement in artistic execution over the last; each demonstrating a growing intelligence and higher appreciation of all that is best in classical music. Last season, Mr. Drury gave us the exquisite masterpiece of a great Italian master, "Aida." Mr. Drury essayed the part of "Radames," and gave an excellent interpretation of the part. His fine voice and splendid acting were a revelation to his audience.

This year he announces the production of R. Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, opera in two acts, and Pietro Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, at the Lexington Opera House (Terrace Garden) 58th St., between Lexington and Third Avenues,



COLOMBIAN SOLDIERS WHO JOINED THE PANAMA FORCES.

See Page 272.



OLD INDIAN CHIEF.

See Page 272.

on Monday evening, May 16th, 1904, at 8.20 o'clock precisely, on which occasion the following artists will appear: Mrs. Estelle Clough, prima donna soprano; Miss Harriet M. Johnson, of Brooklyn (debut); Madam M. Randall; Miss Elfrieda M. Wegner, Mr. George L. Ruffin and Mr. Henry Norris Jackson (debut).

PAGLIACCI.

Cast:—Nedda, Mrs. Estelle Clough; Tonio, George L. Ruffin; Peppe, F. H. Wilson; Silvio, Henry Norris Jackson, and Canio, Mr. Theodore Drury. Villagers, Peasants.

The scene is laid in Calabria, near Montalto, on the Feast of the Assumption. Period, between 1865 and 1870.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

Cast:—Santuzza, Miss Elfrieda M.



MR. H. HARRISON WAYMAN,
Late of Philadelphia, Pa.

See Page 282.

Wegner; Lola, Miss Harriet M. Johnson; Alfio, Mr. George L. Ruffin; Lucia, Madam M. Randall, and Turiddu, Mr. Theodore Drury. Dr. Felix Jeager, Conductor; Mr. M. Charlton, Organist; Mr. Rudolph Duering, Stage Manager. Mr. Craig.

As all the boxes have been subscribed for, good orchestra seats (\$1.00 each) can be secured at Ditson's Music Store, 867 Broadway; E. F. Hall, Brooklyn Naval Hospital, and Theodore Drury, 217 East 59th St.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

We are delighted, and feel highly honored to have a first-class house recognize the colored people and their enter-

prises by a substantial ad. in the columns of "The Colored American Magazine." We feel that one more friend has been added to our list, and can assure Mr. Henry Miller of our sincere gratitude for all favors bestowed.

We hope to give a detailed account of the new home of the Miller Piano in our May issue.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

H. Harrison Wayman was born at Wrightsville, York County, Pa., in 1872. He came to Philadelphia in 1882, and attended the James Forten public school. Mr. Wayman was employed by R. Dunlap Co., the hatters, for over four years in the capacity of delivery clerk. Later



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STREET IN PANAMA.



DUSKY MAIDEN EN ROUTE FOR MARKET.

See Page 272.

he took private instructions, and attended Lincoln University.

Mr. Wayman took a great interest in all race enterprises, and was in the service of all the leading newspapers, and was the General Agent for Philadelphia for "The Colored American Magazine" since the first appearance of the magazine. He was a genial, faithful agent, a thorough gentleman in all his dealings, and the staff of "The Colored American Magazine" are particularly downcast over his loss, which is a serious blow to their business interests in Philadelphia.

Mr. Wayman was also an interesting writer. Among his compositions we may mention "Bohemia," "The Good

Luck Shores," "Chickamauga," "The Dead Dead," and "Rastus Johnson."

After a brief illness, Mr. Wayman passed away, February 10, 1904. His death is a great shock to his friends and the community at large, by whom he was highly respected and greatly beloved. He leaves a young widow and two small children to mourn the untimely end of a dear husband and fond father.

The following preamble and resolution were adopted by the American Negro Historical Society at their meeting on February 23, 1904:

Whereas: By a dispensation of God's hand, Henry Harrison Wayman has

been taken from our Association, and

Whereas: He was endeared to us by his unflagging interest in our mutual work, and by his genial manner and unselfish labors, and

mate of his worth and an expression of our feeling concerning the loss which the American Negro Historical Society has sustained, as well as the community at large. We repeat that his was



MILK VENDER AND LOTTERY COUPON SELLER.

See Page 272.

Whereas: His loss to us is keenly felt and his presence in our midst is greatly missed,

Therefore be it resolved: That the recent unexpected leave-taking of Henry Harrison Wayman calls forth our esti-

a genial and kindly nature, and full of enthusiasm in relation to race history and achievements. His worth to this society has always stood out in bold relief, and now that we realize its loss our sorrow and regret are doubly accentuated.

His enthusiasm and interest were always an inspiration to even the most lukewarm. We mourn him as a friend, and hope his example as a member of our society will spur its members to work

with greater zeal in the future. The Society will spread this tribute on its minutes and convey a copy to his bereaved widow.



HON. ARTHUR BARCLAY,
President of the Republic of Liberia.
Page 280.

"Human natur iz a cheerful study. Dig out a spring bi the roadside, fix it up with a nice haff-barrell to hold the water, place a nu tin dipper bi the side ov it, and then see how long it will be before the weary traveler, after slakeing hiz thirst, will steal the dipper."

"We are a set ov conseited asses enny how; we think we kan see right thru ennyboddy, but don't think ennyboddy kan see a haff an inch into us."

"The world has made progress, and the greatest man is he who would die, not in securing something he may desire, but in defense of his rights. But there is yet to come the greater man who will die rather than trespass upon the rights of another. Hail to the Nation, whatever its name may be, which leads the world towards the realization of that high ideal."



ORIGINAL BANK AND OFFICE BUILDING.
Page 267.



MR. W. P. BURRELI, Gr. nd Worthy Secretary.
Page 267.



MR. W. W. BROWNE, Founder of True Reformers in Virginia.
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THE INTERIOR OF THE BANK AS IT APPEARS AT PRESENT.

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REV. W. L. TAYLOR.

President of The True Reformers.

Page 267.



A. W. HOLMES,
Chief of Richmond Division and Trainer
of Deputies.

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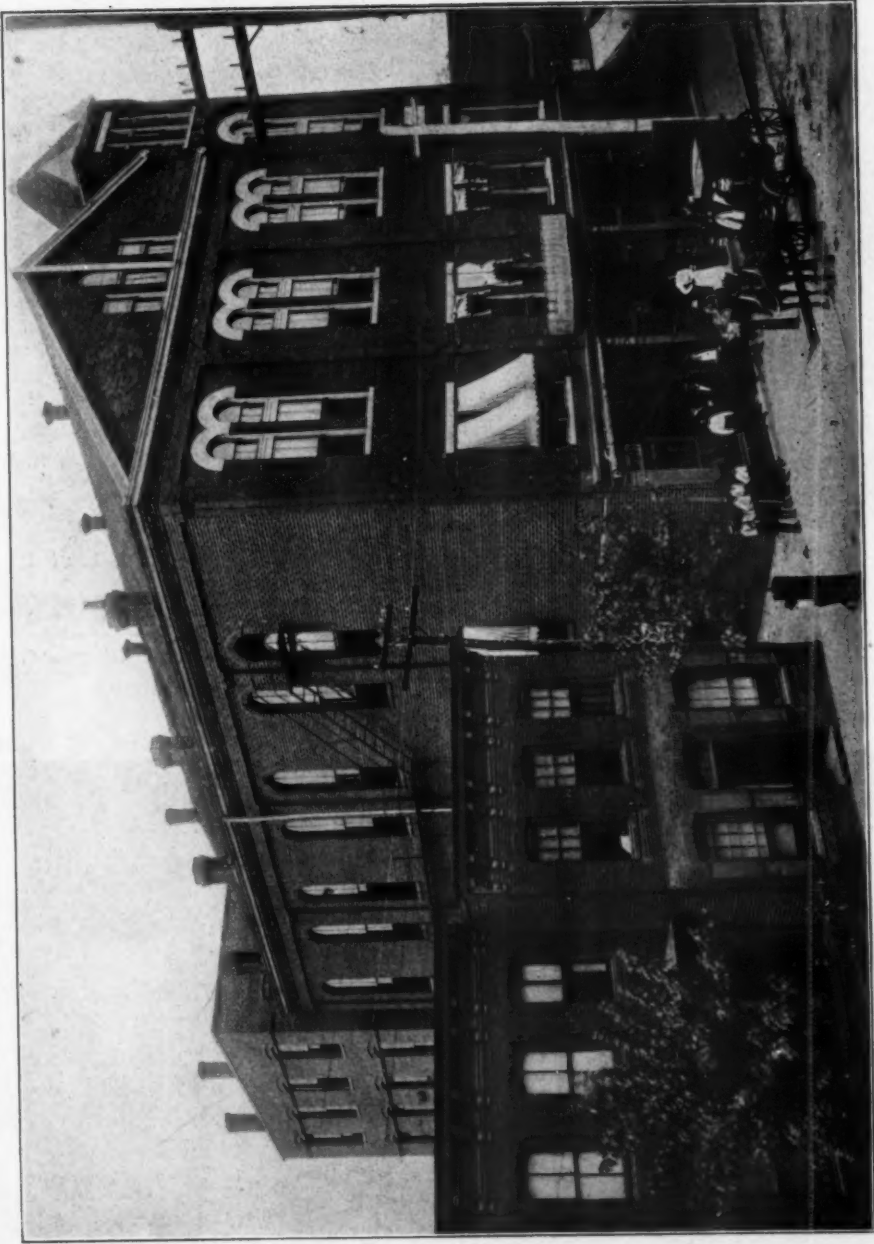
Vault of the Savings Bank of The Grand
Fountain, U. O. T. R.

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THE INTERIOR OF THE SAVINGS BANK AS IT APPEARS AT PRESENT.

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OFFICES AND BANK OF THE GRAND FOUNTAIN TRUE REFORMERS AT PRESENT.

THE AFRICAN AND WEST INDIAN CORNER.

LIBERIA'S NEW PRESIDENT.

CHARLES HALL ADAMS.

Liberian Consul General, Boston, Mass.

On January 4th last, Hon. Arthur Barclay was inaugurated at Monrovia as President of the Republic of Liberia, being the thirteenth Chief Magistrate of the Republic since its independence was declared on July 26, 1847.

As a refutation of the statement, carelessly and frequently made, that the Negro is unfitted for self-government or the establishment of maintenance of a stable body-politic, it should be noted that, with one exception, all of Mr. Barclay's predecessors commendatorily completed their official terms.

It is nearly fifty-seven years since Liberia entered the household of nations, and during the period has never had a revolution, or even an insurrection among the civilized part of the community. What republic in South or Central America can show a similar record? During the last fifty years many of the so-called "American Republics" have indulged in annual, biennial and triennial revolutions, while some have enjoyed the luxury of their semi-annual insurrections and revolutions.

In May, 1864, Anthony Barclay (the President's father) with his wife, eight children, and a number of other emigrants from Barbadoes, landed in Liberia. Arthur, the subject of this sketch, was about ten years of age at the time, being one of the youngest members of a more than ordinary family, a family that made its mark in the country of its adoption. Within a short time, less than

a year after his arrival, the father died of African fever, and as the family were far from being in affluent circumstances, the future President was largely thrown on his own resources, and assisted in supporting his aged mother.

Mr. Barclay, while quite young, evinced a great interest in books, and was always studious in his tastes and habits. As a boy, he received his education in the schools at Monrovia, and later entered Liberia College, an institution founded by philanthropic men in the United States, where he acquitted himself with honor, holding high position in his classes, being particularly brilliant in the languages and mathematics. He adopted the law as a profession, and has always occupied a foremost position at the bar.

After finishing his college course he was called upon to fill many offices of trust, not only in state and church, but along scholastic lines as well. Since 1873 he has been continuously in public life, holding the following offices: Private Secretary to President Roberts, 1873-1876; Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives, 1876-1884; Chief Clerk of the Common Council of Monrovia, 1880-1887; Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Montserado County, 1883; Sub-Treasurer of Montserrado County, 1886-1892; Mayor of City of Monrovia, 1892; Postmaster-General, 1892-1894; Secretary of State, 1894-1896; Secretary of the Treasury, 1896-

1903; one of the Special Commissioners to Europe to arrange the debt and establish the credit of Liberia, 1898, and as one of the Special Commissioners to England to arrange for a settlement and demarcation of the Northwestern boundary. He proved an excellent financier and rendered the country great service in the management of its finances, and in that connection visited England and Germany on several occasions.

Mr. Barclay has served his college in various capacities, as principal of the preparatory department, as member of the Board of Trustees, as professor of mathematics and of languages and law, and holding a professorship at the time of his election to the Presidency, and in all of these varied positions he acquitted himself with great credit, intelligence and marked ability and to the satisfaction of the nation, and we have every reason to hope and believe that he will equally well acquit himself in the high position he now holds, and that with his broad mind and the training he has had in public affairs, he will open for Liberia a career by which her financial, commercial and industrial resources will be largely developed.

He is, and has been for many years, a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Monrovia, serving as Vestryman and Superintendent of the Sunday School.

His inaugural address, which was one of the most scholarly that has emanated from any President of the Republic, plans a new policy for the country, and one that if carried out cannot help proving of great benefit.

The general elections in Liberia are held biennially for the choice of President, Vice-President, and members of the Senate and House of Representatives, all of whom, except the Senators,

are elected for the term of two years. The members of the Senate serve for a term of four years, and are so elected that the terms of one half of their number expire every second year.

It has been believed by many to be most unfortunate that the general elections and change of administrations come so frequently, experience showing that it is nearly impossible to have a continuity of policy under such circumstances. It has been the desire of some of the public men of the country to amend the constitution so as to lengthen the term of the Presidential office to four or even eight years, but in Liberia as elsewhere, there are always some who believe in frequent rotation in office.

LET THE NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA HAVE JUSTICE AND EDUCATION.

Now and then we hear reports from the Negro-haters and alarmists that the Negroes of South Africa are likely, some day, to set up the cry of "Africa for the Negroes." If this be so, it is quite natural; it is simply carrying out the old saying that, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." The narrow, prejudiced, bigoted, stupid, tyrannous white people of South Africa force all the self-respecting, brave, liberty-loving, justice-loving, loyal Negroes into this attitude, or frame of mind, or unrest, by constantly prating, and shouting from the house-tops, about "white domination." Again, if anything in the wide, wide world ought to shake, nay, more, utterly ruin, the confidence of the South African Negroes in the ability of the South African whites to govern decently, equitably, and according to modern ideas of freedom and humanity, it was the Transvaal-war-fiasco, which up-

set the country for nearly three years, and which was adjourned sine die on May 31, 1902. Indeed, unless the South African whites are totally devoid of all the compunctions of common shame and the sensations of ordinary propriety, it strikes us that it would be well for them to shut their mouths and hide their heads till human memory in its tender mercy forgets at least a little of their abominable treachery and deceit. Just think of the white side of South Africa at this moment—a huge cesspool of treason, a menace to the British nation, a toppling mockery, a nauseating farce. Before the ink on the peace agreement was dry, some of the very signers of it announced that there would be another war in South Africa in three or four years; that the Boers would never submit to British rule. The fact of the matter is, the South African Negroes are the most trustworthy people in South Africa; and England will find that unless she wholly depends upon them in the future she will lose South Africa altogether—that is, if England should become involved in a great war with any of the European powers, the South African whites would cede to the enemy. Hence, England should heartily welcome any movement which inspires the South African Negroes to take an active, patriotic, intelligent part in political affairs; for this is the very thing they should do, the very thing their heritage of British citizenship enjoins upon them.

To talk of white domination or black domination in South Africa is sheer foolishness, sheer twaddle. Equitable domination is the correct policy. Color does not make the man—it is the deepening and quickening genius of valor, knowledge and probity. Bishop Allen was a Negro; so was Bishop Crowther; so was Frederick Douglass; so was the Honorable

Sir William Conrad Reeves. The white people of South Africa had better make up their minds calmly and submissively that the regime of Krugerism is moribund, in extremis, and that they will not be permitted to ride, with impunity, any longer, rough-shod over the Negroes. The Negroes of South Africa have a God-given hold upon that country, it is their own land, their own land from time immemorial, the land of their birth and origin, and they shall be protected in it against oppression and oppressors, and encouraged to become participants in its government and control. In other words, so long as the Negroes are loyal to the King and his crown, no man shall molest them, or stand in their way, or push them back, or touch them with the lash of slavery, without incurring the severest penalty of the law and the constitution.

It is not a crime for the Negroes of South Africa to hope for the day when they will stand side by side, and shoulder to shoulder with the South African white people, or even excel them and transcend them. And, after all, in a good many cases, in the majority of cases, we do not think the Negroes will find the realization either a formidable task or a wonderful triumph.

Thanks be to God, the leading Negroes all over Africa are beginning to look forward to the time when the whole race will be gathered together there in the bonds of civilization, unity, and empire. This is the proper view for them to take of their situation; and the view which must be warmly applauded by every fair-minded Briton.

The Negroes of South Africa have been knocked about, and trodden under foot, and ousted from their possessions, and rogued out of their earnings, by tyrants and adventurers from every point

of the compass. And it is really a wonder of wonders that they have been able to live through such a hell of oppression. For their endurance, and bleeding, and heroism, they merit the active and living pity and charity of the bulk of mankind. Will they get it? We think they will.

And there is another vital matter. The facilities for educating the Negroes of South Africa are wholly inadequate. Thus, a system of common schools, compulsory in their operation, and supplied with competent Negro teachers, should be established. If we had our way, we would prefer to have the whites and the blacks educated together, in the same room, but, just now, this seems scarcely practicable—the whites object to it, and the blacks do not favor it. Then the only course is to have separate schools. There is no good in arguing with an adversary, when the time that it will take to convince him can be better occupied. If the whites will not, at present, go to the same schools with the blacks, let the blacks have their own schools and teachers of their own race to take charge of them. We advocate Negro teachers in Negro schools as a matter of pressing expediency, and because they will, under the circumstances which prevail in South Africa, be far more successful in developing or moulding or drawing out the mind of Negro pupils than white teachers. It has been our experience that where Negro teachers are as efficient in knowledge, character, and ambition as the white teachers, they have much better results in teaching Negro children. In fact, in comparing the work of Negro teachers and white teachers in Negro schools—i. e., Negro schools in the Southern States taught by Negro teachers and Negro schools in the Northern States taught by white teach-

ers—we have found, as a rule, that the pupils of the former make greater progress in the same time, in the same grades, than the pupils of the latter. It seems to be a divine attribute of the educated Negro to know a thousand-fold more about the Negro race than the educated Caucasian. Or beyond a very, very few exceptions, white teachers have not the requisite sympathy and patience and instinct to teach and leaven the Negro masses, and imbue them with patriotism, self-reliance, and pride of origin. As an undeniable truth, about seven-eighths of the Negro children educated under white teachers, become, as they grow up, ashamed of their dark skins, and entirely indifferent as to the destiny of their race.

In the learned, refined, devoted Negro teacher, the Negro pupils will have a living and inspiring pattern to follow; they will see day by day what they themselves may attain to by being studious, loyal, obedient and truthful.

Moreover, the well-educated Negro teacher is the only agency through which Negro children can be impressively quickened with knowledge and civilization. Or the only true and short way to lift Africa up to the level of Europe, America, and Australia, is to strengthen the hand of the Negro teacher and make him a visible force and power in that wonderful land.

In fine, the employment of Negro teachers in Africa will open up a new and useful occupation to Negro scholars, and induce an extra attendance of Negro students at the great English universities.—From "Neith."

* * * *

Dr. A. B. Walker, barrister at law, and editor of the magazine "Neith," St. John, N. B., is in Ottawa in the interest

of his publication. Dr. Walker spent a few days at Montreal, and among the names of his Montreal list of subscribers are the Hon. R. Prefontaine, Minister of Marine and Fisheries; T. Chase-Casgrain, M. P., the Hon. Senator Drummond, the Hon. Senator Dundurand, F. J. Monk, M. P., C. B. Carter, K. C., Henry Morgan & Co., Alderman Fred. E. Nelson, A. G. Cross, K. C., A. M. Creelman, K. C., Robert Turnbull, Jas. Crankshaw, Rev. J. A. Gordon, Rev. G. Osborne Troop, Rev. James Barclay, D. D., F. W. Thompson, manager of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., and Dawes & Co.

In an interview with the Free Press, Dr. Walker said that he had two objects in publishing his monthly, namely to furnish the Canadian people with a first-class periodical, and to open a forum in which he could freely discuss his plans of civilizing the whole continent of Africa.

"In carrying on this work," observed Dr. Walker, "I am forced to make an individual appeal to the Canadian people to help me by taking my magazine. I do not want to make money out of it; I adopt this method solely to get my idea—the idea of my scheme to civilize Africa—before the intelligent and discerning public. My mission is altogether to the people who think and read."

"What is your scheme?" Dr. Walker was asked.

"Well, it is simply this: Let the British government set apart a definite or specific piece of territory in some part of British Africa, not already occupied by white people, and specially invite an intelligent, industrious, respectable class of Negroes to go there and settle, and assist them to go, and when they get there help them until they are able to sustain themselves. And it would not be very

long before they would be able to sustain themselves. They could begin immediately to clear the land and raise cotton, tobacco, coffee and grapes in great abundance, for Africa is a most resourceful country, once it is put under a modern system of cultivation. Again, they could turn its forests of precious woods such as mahogany, rose-wood and ebony, into marketable lumber. Indeed if the Negroes are given a fair chance and treated with kindness, patience and justice, it will be found that they will become a most potent force in Anglo-Saxon civilization. There is no policy that the British government could adopt that would be more benevolent and at the same time more profitable than the putting of this scheme into practical operation. The few millions it would cost would be nothing as compared to the inestimable good it would eventually produce. It would bring the whole of Africa within the pale of Anglo-Saxon civilization within a century. Yes, before the end of the twentieth century Africa would be a flourishing, powerful, loyal British dominion, and the Negro problem would be finally solved."

"What do you think of the idea of settling Jews in Africa to free them from European persecution?"

"I do not favor it. Africa, I maintain, should be held sacredly in reserve for the Negro race, but I would oppose any attempt to settle them in any great number in any part of British Africa. I trust that the enlightened Christian nations will never suffer Africa to be entirely taken from its native people. For every tear the Jews have shed under the heel of oppression, the Negroes have shed an ocean. And, hence, the Anglo-Saxon nations should take a firm stand that Africa shall forever be for the Negro race."

Dr. Walker will devote a special number of his magazine to Ottawa.

* * * *

There is no thought or possibility of the annexation of Santo Domingo to the United States, in the minds of either of the Administration or of the representatives of Santo Domingo, now in Washington. It has not come into consideration, and will not. It is simply an effort which is being made to arrive at some plan which shall safeguard all interests, and put a stop to the outrageous state of affairs now existing in those islands.

It seems probable that some such treaty as now exists with Cuba, bringing it under the Platt Amendment, or some friendly protection, may have the desired effect. Obviously the time has come when something must be done to quiet the disturbing elements in a way that shall render it possible for Santo Domingo to return to the industries which are, at present, utterly neglected, and turn the energy, which is now so much worse than thrown away, into productive fields.

The debt of Santo Domingo is about \$25,000,000, chiefly to other countries than the United States; and the present state of affairs cannot last much longer without attracting foreign attention in a way somewhat similar to the Venezuela affair; only that there are conditions here which would render the position of the United States much more difficult than before were such a contingency to occur. The effort at present is to arrive at some solution of the difficulty which will avoid any such demonstration, but it does not include the annexation of

Santo Domingo.—Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, in "The Independent."

* * * *

Port-au-Prince, Hayti, is the largest and most important city in the world ruled politically and socially by civilized Negroes. It is one of the oldest cities on this side of the water, and is laid out upon an excellent plan, with broad streets and regular squares. It has been so often swept by fires and shaken by earthquakes that few old buildings remain, although the city wears an ancient and rather dilapidated appearance. This is owing to the facts that the buildings are mostly of wood, and the climate is very severe upon paint. Indeed, many buildings and fences are left entirely unpainted, and under the fierce rays of the sun present a worn and faded appearance, suggestive of age and decay. . . .

Port-au-Prince, despite its conservatism and its exposure to earthquakes, hurricanes and fires, and its liability to the destructions occasioned by revolutions, and its out-of-the-way situation, has, nevertheless, caught at least some of the spray from the great tidal wave of scientific advancement. It has its telegraphs, telephones, electric lights and tramways; and the little nation struggles hard to hold a place among progressive peoples. In all its disasters its people never expect outside help, and the good Christian nations of the earth never disappoint them. Port-au-Prince lately witnessed such a scene of national humiliation as seldom falls to the lot of any people, and this was followed by a fire causing over a million dollars damage.

Whatever may be the faults of our Haytian neighbors, dependence upon the charities of mankind is certainly not one of them.—Chaplain Steward, in "The Independent."



IN THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

"O ye who with undoubting eyes,
Through present cloud and gathering
storm,
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,
And sunshine soft and warm,—

Press bravely onward! not in vain
Your generous trust in human-kind;
The good which bloodshed could not
gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find."

The forces of nature form a curious and interesting study, and nowhere are they more strongly defined than in the currents and counter-currents of Negro life in the Republic. The rapid evolution of a New South, socially, industrially and politically, the sudden leaping of the "poor whites" into positions of prominence, joined to the affiliation of the sons of planters with this once despised class, show the subtle working of unseen forces which have fanned anew the life-spark in a once fast decaying land of opulence and beauty. It is a startling evolution which confronts the Republic, and whether it be for good or for evil will depend upon the judicious manipulation of a strained situation by both white and black leaders.

In olden days the slave looked down with scorn upon "po' white trash," and said "po' white trash" returned the scorn with interest, and that "interest" has been venting itself lately in savage attacks on the Negro's social and political industrial position. Felix Adler tells us

in an admirable article in the "New York Journal":

"It is one of the most pitiable facts of history that whenever a class of people rises upward it tries to help itself upward by thrusting downward the class that is immediately below it. These white men who are now laboring for the first time feel it necessary to mark themselves off from the Negroes, as against those who are much lower in the scale.

"So this new feeling of hostility to the Negro is due to industrial progress, and we must trust to further progress to overcome and efface it. Despite all the perplexities of the problem we can afford to have confidence in the South and in the future."

To the casual on-looker, it seems imminent that this Force of Evolution which is bringing the Negro question into a prominence that threatens to engulf all other questions, will end in chaos for the Republic or for the Negro. But if we examine our position carefully, we find that beneath the tossing, the foaming, and the angry roaring of civic hurricanes, Destiny is moving majestically forward to the accomplishment of great wonders in the life and progress of humanity, and the fate of the Republic shall be a proud one in the upbuilding of a race too long the foot-ball of adversity.

We base this assertion upon the mighty political conditions which have existed in the past, and which are at

present convulsing Christendom. First, the fall of the slave oligarchy in our Southern States. Second, the expansion of this Government under the plea of humanity. Third, the subjugation of the African Boer by Great Britain. Civilization has swept onward from ancient Ethiopian Meroe, to Egypt, to Greece, to Rome, to Briton. From the Eastern Hemisphere, Columbus moved onward to the undiscovered lands of the Western World, where was destined to be planted a government which should become the marvel of civilization. Still sweeping onward, civilization has circumnavigated the globe, and the receding tide must return to its ancient haunts, bearing on its waves hope for the descendants of the ancient Ethiopians.

"Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God." What a picture! Ethiopia yielding herself up to all that is godlike in an absolute homage to God!

"Then the Negro is a thought with God? Yes. Then the Negro has a future which God holds in His hand, and which some day He will let out in the splendid actualities of history? Yes. Then God is on the side of the Negro? Yes. Then the great American Republic, of which we are all a part, should be on the side of the Negro? Yes. Then justice, and only justice, should be done to the Negro, and his part of the American Constitution should be held inviolate, and should be administered in fullness according to the letter and the spirit? Yes, yes.

"There is but one side to this question, and that is the practical side, and we must also bear in mind that the Negro question no longer involves one race or class, but all races and all classes. We cannot as a people under one great government, rise any higher than each com-

ponent part of that government. The stream can rise no higher than its source. What then is the duty of the Republic to the Negro?" The duty of mankind to all humanity under the law of Universal Fatherhood and Brotherhood.

"Press bravely onward! . . .

The good which bloodshed could not gain

Your peaceful zeal shall find."

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But the forces of nature.

"What a marvellous array of nations past, and passing, each leaving behind its special preparations for a successor, till now carried forward by each progressive epoch, the Church ushers in the Universal Brotherhood of Man as preparation for Universal Fatherhood of God. Can educated mind be so obtuse as to see no plan, no guiding Intelligence in all this line of ever-ascending progressions that focus on us? . . . No! The fusion of science, history, reason and experience proclaims most emphatically that there must be a Planner in the Plan, a Proposer in the Purpose, an Idealist in the Ideal. . . .

"Heads in the sand cannot see; hearts on ice cannot feel these things. But infidelities are fated, church abuses are doomed. Divine-Heart coming is sweeping both away. There shall still be human leadership, but it will be leadership of clear thinking, imperial planning, sterling execution, majestic loving and pure living. These are the forces that spring full-armed from the battle drift.

"The new leadership will educate the ignorant, rescue the drunkard, deliver the debauchee, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, visit the sick, improve the prisons, ennoble sacrifice, cultivate sympathy, spread kindness, stamp out sin and zone the earth with the jubilation of an

emancipated world. Nor is this rosy view written in out of Scripture only; but out of nature also."—"The Arena."

And in this great millenium, the Negro will bear a man's part, for so it is written.

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How many changes have been rung upon the depravity of the Negro woman since the entrance of the twentieth century. This is a most malicious slander, an outrage against a worthy class of citizens.

How much we suffer through the tyranny of prejudice. How much we suffer by the force of example. How much we suffer through the power of bad counsel coming from those virtually above us.

The Negro is guilty of many sins, and has contributed his share to the world's misery, for being human, he is subjected to temptation. But many of our moral lepers are the results of traits inbred by slavery.

Out of that dreadful condition there was no escape for the female slave but into the cold embrace of death, and many there were who welcomed Death as a bridegroom. These victims were born into that condition; it was not a voluntary pandering to passion. It took years to force this condition of immorality upon a helpless sex, but to their everlasting honor, be it said, they have passed from vice to virtue with amazing rapidity. Bishop Brown, et al. should remember that the onus is not upon the Negro race alone.

The solution of the social problem is a national affair. No one race is responsible for the vice of the country; no one race can produce a virtuous atmosphere in a cosmopolitan population like ours.

Malice defeats itself. It is not sensible to place the blame for social impurity in a population of eighty million upon one race or class alone. Criminal statistics prove this fact. The social evil is a national sin. The remedy lies in a thorough cleansing of the body politic and in earnest prayer to God in the language of the ritual: "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep thy laws." The noble attitude taken by Rev. Francis H. Rowley, of Boston, Commonwealth Avenue Baptist Church, is inspiring, and worthy of the nation's deepest consideration.

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Among the many friends who have come to our aid at this critical period in our history we note the "New York Post" and the "New York Journal," with its thrilling illustrated series, published in the Sunday edition, giving features of the race-struggle, and its lawlessness in many counties, the Negro exodus that threatens ruin to many Southern communities, and showing how representative whites are aiding in prosecuting midnight marauders. It pictures a terrible state of affairs, but, thank God, the best elements of the country seem at last aroused.

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Joel Chandler Harris gives us an article on the burning question in the "Saturday Post." He insists that there is no Negro Problem, disagrees with Mr. Schurz on many points, but applauds the progress made by the Negro, in social, moral, and industrial life. Mr. Harris deplores the idea of deportation, and laughs at the bugaboo of social equality.

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"The Criterion" gives a charming

story in its March issue by the versatile writer, Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Mrs. Spofford has an inimitable way of treating Negro life in her short stories, and "An Outrage in Black and White" is no exception. It is written in her happiest vein, with a note of pathos running through it which appeals to the tender heart of humanity. It carries, too, a purpose. It suggests to us the passionate longing of the Negro for love and kindness from his white brother. The "White Boy" and "Simmy" are typical of the two principal factors of the Negro Problem.

* * * *

The "Boston Pilot" comes to the relief of the Negro in a vigorous article against Bishop Brown's sweeping statements. We give an excerpt:

"Say the American Catholic Bishops of the Commission on Negro and Indian missions:

"We also as a nation owe a debt of justice and gratitude to the Negro and the Indian, a debt which, it may be, will call down upon us, as all sins of injustice do, the curse and vengeance of God. Let us make them what reparation we can by obtaining for them spiritual comforts and blessings, and thus stay the hand of God lifted in anger, to smite a heartless and cruel people."

Have the Negroes been responsive to the helping hand of their white friends? We question if the world has ever seen such moral and material progress as the race has made wherever a fair opportunity has been given it during the less than forty years since Emancipation. Nor have they been merely mechanical imitators and servile followers of the white man. Note the initiative of that magnificent Negro statesman and philanthropist, Booker T. Washington,

and its grand results in Tuskegee Institute.

Note the fact, emphasized with just pride by Assistant District-Attorney William H. Lewis, at the Cambridge meeting, that the Negroes have \$37,000,000 of church property, and \$355,000,000 of homes.

While slavery still flourished, New Orleans had its broad-minded Catholic philanthropist in the free Negro Lafon; and the War was not long over when another colored Catholic, in the person of William Henry Smith, of Washington, D. C., began that distinguished career which culminated in his appointment as Librarian of the House of Representatives.

As to the colored women, nearly 600,000 of them in the schools of the South, as Mr. Lewis noted, effectively give the lie to a slander too vile to be repeated in these columns, though evidently not too vile for Bishop Brown's lips.

Let us bring again into the light another and earlier testimony to the colored woman. In Maryland and Louisiana freed Negroes were more numerous than in any other of the Southern States, and for many decades before the Civil War. In Baltimore, since early in the nineteenth century, and in New Orleans, since a somewhat later date, a long and unbroken succession of colored women have lived up to the austere requirements of the convent life as Oblate Sisters of Providence in the former city, and as Sisters of the Holy Family in the latter.

* * * *

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page gives the first of a series of papers on the Negro Problem in the March number of "McClure's."

It is a striking coincidence that so

many of the best papers and periodicals are publishing able productions on this question just at the time when the Negro needs help most. And stranger still, we find a good word for the race in almost every instance.

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Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 25.—One of the institutions which is accomplishing much good among Negro girls of the South is the Montgomery Industrial School, founded in 1886 by Miss Alice L. White of Boston and Miss H. Margaret Beard. They felt called upon to do something for the uplifting of the Negro, and they found here their opportunity. At first the school was small, but in spite of discouragement and lack of money, the teachers have held on unflinchingly and finally have won a gratifying success. They now have a comfortable cottage, in which the five or six teachers live, and an old Southern house in the yard adjoining has been transformed into a school building. The structure contains a large assembly hall, in which the whole school, of some 245 pupils, can gather, several recitation rooms, and rooms for the kindergarten, for cooking, and for sewing.

The purpose is to give colored girls a grammar school education, thorough industrial training, lessons in good manners, cleanliness and order, and religious instruction—in short, to build up the girls in intelligence and character. The thirty-five children in the kindergarten, some only four years old, receive teaching suitable for their age, and then pass into the higher grades. The course, covering eight years, affords a thorough grounding in the three R's, and the other elementary English branches. The teachers say: "The work of training teachers we leave to others; ours is more foundation work, spiritually, morally, in-

tellectually, and industrially. We prepare girls for the home life and home-keeping, and teach them how to earn an honest living. This foundation work is most important; through it the women and the homes of the race must rise."

In accordance with the aim, the distinctive feature of the school is the industrial work. There is a sewing department over which Miss Beard presides, and the instruction—a seven-year course—is extremely practical. The girls are taught to darn and mend, and to make the common garments for a household. The parents of a girl who has made a garment are allowed to purchase it, and they generally accept the opportunity. The cooking department with its four-year course is equally adapted to the every-day needs of the girls and of the families in which they are likely to live. There is also a year of training in general housework. In connection with this instruction, the house of the teachers is always kept as a model of neatness and simple taste. Still another important course is one of two years in the elements of nursing.

On the religious side, there is instruction in the Bible, carried on through suitable classes and societies—King's Daughters and Junior Endeavor—in the missionary visitation of cabins, and in the care of the sick and the aged.

A circulating library of nearly three thousand volumes supplies good reading, not only to the pupils, but to many neighbors of both sexes. The school supplements this library by distributing magazines and newspapers which are sent from the North.

The school has received hearty commendation from a number of people whose opinions are of weight. The late Gen. S. C. Armstrong wrote:

"I spent a considerable time at the

school this morning, studying carefully its methods. It is most interesting and original, work combining book and practical knowledge in a new and very effective way. . . . This is done in an earnest Christian spirit, with paramount regard for the 'one thing needful.' Better than all is the culture and character of the two ladies, who, in simple faith, without money to back them, have given themselves to this work. I have seen many in the work for the Southern Negro, but none whose presence and personal influence were a greater power as an example and influence. Do lend a hand to this good work. I must say it is a surprise to find it here. Nothing is better, not much is as good. Far from enough has been done for the Negro women of the South, on whom, more than on men, rested the burden and the curse of slavery. Miss White and Miss Beard are wise, strong women, abundantly able to bear all the responsibility involved and peculiarly fitted to carry out this enterprise to its proper fulness."

The Auditing Board is: President Charles F. Thwing, D.D., Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O.; Dr. E. O. Otis, No. 381 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.; the Hon. Henry Fairbanks, St. Johnsbury, Vermont; the Rev. C. H. Mead, No. 232 West Fourteenth St., New York; Mr. A. J. Hinman, State St., Albany, N. Y.

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Apropos of intellectual vs. industrial training, it is well to look at both sides of the question occasionally through the eyes of highly cultured, well-trained business men. The "Music Trades" for February carries an article from the trenchant pen of Mr. John C. Freund, its editor, on "Mr. Carnegie's Lost Opportunity."

Among other things, Mr. Freund

says: "Without going farther into the subject on this line of reasoning, it would appear that there is great reason to believe that the character of libraries established by Mr. Carnegie will not reach the people as such, and cannot, therefore, accomplish the purpose for which they were intended by their munificent patron.

"There is, however, a larger and broader point involved in this discussion, to which not sufficient attention has been given except by a few thinkers who are disposed to get away from the old rut of education as well as away from the old ideas, as to what constitutes improvement and mental progress.

"If you will ask a dozen intellectual men who have been book readers from their earliest years, who have studied the classics,—who have read the standard works, in perhaps two or three languages beside their own, you will be astonished to find, if they have become successful in life, how little value they will place upon all their reading, and you will be further surprised to find that some of them will even go so far as to state that much of that which they have read has been a detriment rather than an advantage. . . .

"As a man who has for years possessed an exceptionally large library, in which I spend the greater part of my leisure, I would be tempted to say that the works that have really improved, as well as broadened, my mind are exceedingly few in number, and that I have learned far more by my converse with humanity and by keeping up with the progress of the times through the press and the magazines than I have by all the reading that I have so far done.

"This is the reason why the press is growing to be such a factor with the mass of the people, and wields a force

in their development far beyond any that can be exercised by literature, though one must admit that the cultured mind needs have some acquaintance with the best works that have been produced. And this is, perhaps, one of the reasons why so many college-bred men, who have been successful in their studies, failed to make any mark in life, and have only, in most cases, succeeded, as tutors or professors, in producing more or less anæmic copies of themselves.

"Are there not, when we come right down to it, some things that are needed by the people more than all that which this so-called education, certainly that phase of it which the library represents, can supply?

"Is not the opportunity to work a more crying need? Have you ever thought of the hundreds of thousands who are capable, who want to earn what they eat, and can find nothing to do?

"Do we not need more trade schools before we need more libraries, and above all, do we not need a system of labor bureaus all over the country, which shall assist the capable, honest worker who wants bread for himself or his family, but doesn't know where to go for it, whether from lack of knowledge or of opportunity?

"Here, Mr. Carnegie might have done something which would have made his name immortal when his libraries will have crumbled, and his costly effort to uplift the people shall have miscarried.

"If, in our principal cities, he had established a system of labor bureaus, which I advocated several years before Jacob A. Riis took the subject up, think of the vast amount of good he would have accomplished! A labor bureau which would have carried the supply where the demand is, so that we should not hear of Kansas farmers losing their

crops because of the lack of labor to harvest them.

"See, with your mind's eye, in the back room of some miserable tenement, a mechanic, too proud, too honest, to beg. He is out of work. His family is about him. Every day decreases his vitality, his power of resistance. Nearly all they have has been pawned. Yet the man is capable, and there is work for him, only he does not know where or how to find it.

"Now, see with your mind's eye the well-organized labor bureau, whose agents are everywhere. See this bureau stretch out its hand to this man, bringing him information, bringing him opportunity, bringing, perhaps, a little help by which he may get his tools and coat out of pawn; giving him a railroad ticket to a place where he can go and start afresh in life, where there are those ready to receive him,—and doing it all, not as a matter of charity or philanthropy, but as a matter of business, making the man sign an obligation, which, experience shows, is rarely broken or forgotten.

"Think of the inestimable good that would be accomplished, not merely by preserving this man's self-respect as well as his home, and usefulness, but in preventing him from becoming a public charge, in preventing his family from sinking to the level of the criminal class."

* * * *

The bill to abolish Berea College, which has been before the Kentucky House of Representatives, has now been repassed in an amended, but still very objectionable form. By a vote of 75 to 5, it was decreed that after July 15 there shall be no co-education of the races in Kentucky. A white and a Negro school may, however, be managed by the same institution, provided that they are twen-

ty-five miles apart. This is race prejudice rendered ridiculous by its own exemplars. We shall look to Kentucky hereafter to explain to the wondering just why twenty-five miles constitutes the dead line in the intercourse of the races. Are we to believe, for instance, that a Negro and a white school within five miles of each other are a menace to the superior race? And if so, is the danger one-half as great if the schools are ten miles apart? And does all possibility of moral or physical contagion cease precisely at the twenty-fifth milestone, or at twenty-four and one-half miles? Doubtless Kentucky's legislative psychologists would give us an exact explanation of all this—there is no form of racial prejudice for which the South could not produce ample justification as well as a moral law. But to a benighted onlooker, aware only that Berea's great work for whites and blacks has never been tarnished by scandal or even inter-marriage, it would seem as if, to be logical, the Kentucky Solons should now pass a law forbidding any colored family to read books within twenty-five miles of any white family. If the superior race is to be protected, let the protection be thorough.—"New York Post."

* * * *

The Training School for Colored Teachers, which will begin its work September, 1904, at Cheyney, Pa., is the result of a bequest left in 1832. It will be the first professional Normal School for colored teachers in this country, and, while its work will not be in opposition to the normal departments in various colored institutions, it will provide facilities superior to these, and will aim to

correlate academic and industrial education, and thus produce a teacher better prepared to adapt the approved principles of education to the present condition of the colored people.

In these days, when the champions of academic and the champions of industrial education for the Negro are contending separately for the financial support of the benevolent people, it is interesting and encouraging to learn that the founders of the first industrial school in this country for the training of colored teachers (in 1832) placed academic and industrial education side by side.

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(Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.)

Tuskegee, Ala., February 17.—The thirteenth annual Tuskegee Negro conference closed here this evening. The attendance was excellent, and the meeting in every way successful. A considerable part of the evening session was given up to singing of Negro and other songs by the Tuskegee choir, which has a high reputation North and South. One of the most striking parts of the program was the singing, by the whole school, of the "Tuskegee Song," to the tune which is familiar in the North as "Fair Harvard." The words, by Paul Laurence Dunbar, are an apostrophe to Tuskegee, a "long-striving mother of diligent sons." The words, from the point of view of literature, compare favorably with those of "Fair Harvard."

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It doesn't matter so much how many mistakes Moses made, if we only follow up the advice he left us when he did hit the nail on the head.—"American Thresherman."



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We feel special cause for congratulation at this time over the great success of our March issue. Each mail brings us increasing evidence of the widespread interest our magazine is again arousing throughout the country. That our readers are well pleased with our latest efforts to improve our publication and give them the best in the literature and art of the race, is proven by the countless letters of commendation received. Each issue will improve upon the last, as we have made special arrangements to provide the latest novelties for our patrons.

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We are very thankful for the generous response the race has made up to the present time to our every appeal for aid, but we are forced to realize that there are yet many thousands of our people who are unacquainted with our work, and whose help and influence we need in building up a great publishing house that shall be the crown and glory of the Negro's progress during the present century. We would, therefore, urge upon our readers the great importance of speaking for the magazine wherever they may go. Urge every friend and acquaintance to become a member of the Colored American League. All it costs

is One Dollar for one yearly subscription, then your name is enrolled as a member, and you are entitled to wear the League button.

Become a member at once; don't delay. The League is destined to become an important factor in the life of the race.

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Since the cut in price to One Dollar per year and Ten Cents a single copy, there is no excuse for one who is not a reader of "The Colored American Magazine."

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Agents will in future give subscribers their personal receipt, and forward the money to this office, less thirty-five cents commission.

From this office the yearly subscriber will receive the League receipt and the button, which is the badge of the Order.

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We call the attention of our readers to the beautiful ad. of the Henry F. Miller & Sons Piano Co., on our back cover.

The Company opened for business in its new warerooms, 387-397 Boylston St., Boston, on leap-year day, Monday, February 29, 1904. 4

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